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# LITERATURE.

*The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston; with Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence.* By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B., M.P. (afterwards Lord Dalling). In Three Volumes. Vols. I., II., 1870. Vol. III., 1874. (London: R. Bentley & Son.)

THE first two volumes of this biography were published four years ago, and the third and concluding one in September last. They bring down the life of Lord Palmerston to the year 1848; and since, Lord Dalling being now dead, there seems very little prospect of the work being proceeded with at present, and since the earlier part of it has never been reviewed in these columns, we propose on the present occasion to survey it as a whole. As, however, its mere details have to some extent lost their novelty, we shall rather dwell at present on such parts of it as illustrate generally Lord Palmerston's character, policy, and position in the scale of parties, than on the merits of Lord Dalling's own performance.

When Lord Palmerston first entered public life, that division of the main stream of Toryism into two channels which was destined to produce such important consequences in the future had just commenced. He accepted a junior lordship of the Admiralty from the Duke of Portland. And the discordant elements which the Premier tried vainly to control very soon manifested their force in the quarrel between Castlereagh and Canning. Both these statesmen, however unfriendly to each other, belonged to the same party, that is, the Pittite party, or the more Liberal section of the Tories. And their secession from the Government on the formation of Perceval's Ministry gave that official ascendancy to the less Liberal or Addingtonian section which it retained almost to the death of Lord Liverpool.

The very friendly tone in which Lord Palmerston speaks of Mr. Perceval, who offered him at the age of twenty-five so important a post as that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, may be due either to gratitude for the Minister's kindness, or to sympathy with the Minister's opinions. But there is nothing else to tell us whether he joined the administration as a disciple of Mr. Pitt or Mr. Addington. It may be presumed, however, that as far as he thought at all about it, he at this time inclined rather to the latter. It was the more numerous and the more fashionable party of the two. It was the party at once of the country and of the Court, of the squires and the King; the

Pitt party being composed of a select minority who represented for the most part the intellect and statesmanship of the party, but not the prevailing prejudices which inspired both the sovereign and the people. As time went on and Lord Palmerston grew older: as peace succeeded to war, and domestic agitation to peace: it is difficult to believe that so powerful a mind as his did not reflect upon affairs, and privately arrive at some conclusion not favourable to the dominant régime. We do not, however, obtain from this biography any insight into the workings of his mind between 1815 and 1830. He does not seem to have discussed political affairs with his most intimate correspondents. And it is highly improbable therefore that he said much about them in society. Mr. Disraeli told us two years ago that Lord Palmerston greatly disliked talking politics anywhere except in the House of Commons, and that when pressed on such subjects he commonly took refuge in banter. Mr. Greville tells us in his Memoirs that Palmerston's abilities were unsuspected till he became Foreign Secretary, and that even Mr. Canning was unaware of them. Both these statements confirm what the biography naturally suggests—namely, that Lord Palmerston was very reticent on politics, and that whatever he thought of the progress or tendency of events in the reign of George IV., he said very little about it. When the time came, he took his side with Mr. Canning as naturally and easily as if he had always ranked among his followers; though, as we have already said, the presumption is the other way. And when the time came again, he passed on to the standard of Lord Grey just as naturally and easily as if he had always been a Whig. Nobody ever seems to have wondered "what Palmerston would do." His transitions provoked no comment and no surprise, and it is clear that he was one of those men who, do what they will, contrive to make it appear that such was the obvious and only course of action, and that nothing else could have been expected. What we have to complain of in Lord Dalling is his negligence on such points as these. The characters of public men are among their most valuable legacies to posterity. And more especially in times like our own, when a certain amount of political flexibility is rendered almost inevitable by circumstances, it is interesting to study the process by which a man of Lord Palmerston's reputation passed from one set of opinions to another. We cannot accept the conventional theory of his opponents, who say that come what might, he would still be Vicar of Bray. For he showed by his conduct in '28 that he could resign on provocation. Neither can we readily believe that he simply drifted before the wind, and decided on circumstances as they arose without reference to the past or the future. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact still remains, that Lord Palmerston changed from a Tory of the Perceval school to a Tory of the Canning school, and from a Tory of the Canning school to a Whig, by such smooth and imperceptible degrees that the result when it came always seemed a natural consequence. The change was as gradual as the change of

a tidal river from fresh water to salt. And though Lord Dalling notices the fact (p. 2, vol. i.), his interpretation of it amounts to little more than an identical proposition. In the ablest memoir of him which has yet appeared (*Times*, Oct. 17, 1865), a simpler and perhaps truer theory is propounded to the effect that the only thing in which Lord Palmerston was really interested was foreign policy; and that, provided he could see that carried out according to his own ideas, he cared little whether his associates called themselves Whigs or Tories. His foreign policy was or was meant to be Canning's foreign policy. This was represented in the governments of Lord Goderich and the Duke of Wellington by Lord Dudley, whose resignation was accompanied by Lord Palmerston's, and in the Reform Government by Lord Palmerston himself, so that according to this theory he sacrificed nothing by his successive transformations. At the same time we must remember that Lord Grey, who appointed Lord Palmerston to be his Minister for Foreign Affairs, was hostile to Canning's foreign policy, and spoke of it in 1827 with scorn and bitterness. Remembering this, how could Lord Palmerston have taken office with Lord Grey three years afterwards on the ground that he should then be enabled to carry out this very same system? As far as domestic questions were concerned, Lord Palmerston certainly does seem to have looked upon them rather with the eye of an outside observer than of an interested participator. Thus we find him writing of the Duke of Wellington's government in 1828: "All this, instead of a pig-tail Tory government, shows the great strides which public opinion has made in the last few years. Such a government as Liverpool's even cannot now be established, and such a one as Perceval's could not be for a moment thought of." One would hardly suppose from these words that he himself had been a member of both these governments. He seems to have been looking back upon himself, as it were, in a previous state of existence, and criticising himself from without as if he had lost his personal identity. This attitude of mind is certainly not compatible with strong political convictions. But it is quite compatible with the view of his character propounded in the *Times*' memoir, according to which his god was public opinion, a deity more powerful in the long run than the brute force of the mightiest monarchies, and true to her votaries through every conjuncture of affairs.

"He that hath this is clad in complete steel,"

was Lord Palmerston's doctrine, and his own career is certainly a confirmation of the theory.

Then comes the question what was Lord Palmerston all this time? He put on and put off the livery of successive parties or sections of parties with apparent indifference. But with which must we finally rank him? or is he to stand out by himself, a figure either towering above, or standing aside from, all recognised parties, like Lord Chatham or Lord Shelburne? On this subject we shall quote a passage from one of his letters to Mr. Cowper, with Lord Dalling's comment thereupon, which are both

interesting, though in our opinion decidedly misleading. The subject of it is Palmerston's acceptance of office under the Duke of Wellington:—

"The Whigs of course will be furious and violent, and lay about them to the right and left. I very sincerely regret their loss, as I like them much better than the Tories, and agree with them much more. But still we, the Canningites, if we may be so termed, did not join their government, but they came and joined ours."

This statement is remarkable for various reasons: among others, for the singular aspect under which it exhibits the political *θῆσις* of Lord Palmerston. His whole life had been spent as a Tory Minister, and for twenty-one years he had been one of the recognised opponents of the whole policy of the Whigs. And now we find him declaring that he likes them much better than, and agrees with them much more than, with the Tories. If he had secretly sympathised with them during this long antecedent period, he ought not to have allowed it to be supposed that he sympathised with their rivals, or have conferred on the cause which he condemned the moral advantage it derived from his presumed approval of it. But if the change was a sudden one, then, *how* sudden! Or are we to adopt the hypothesis, after all, that he really never *had* thought seriously about politics till the death of Lord Liverpool compelled him, and that then when he did for the first time examine his own mind upon the subject, he found himself three parts a Whig? Lord Dalling does not seem to see how prominently the passage we have quoted brings this question before us. All that strikes him is its bearing on the nomenclature of parties. "We see from this letter that a Canningite at that time was not a Whig—was not a Tory. What was a Canningite?" Now, in the first place, it is no answer to the question we have just raised to say that Lord Palmerston was a Canningite, for before 1827, if the name was not unknown, it was applied merely to the personal admirers of that great man, and represented no complete set of principles. When people wanted to distinguish between the two branches of Toryism we have already mentioned, they spoke of the Pitt party, and the Addington or Perceval party. Canning was the head of the first, but not the founder; and when Lord Dalling asked, What is a Canningite? the true answer is that he was a Tory of the eighteenth century instead of the nineteenth; that he belonged to that earlier school of Toryism which it is the boast of Mr. Disraeli to have succeeded in reviving, the Toryism sketched out in the *Vindication of the British Constitution*, and afterwards in *Coningsby* and *Sybil*: the Toryism which the present Prime Minister prophesied thirty years ago would rise from its ashes, and prove that the party which professed it was the "popular political confederation of this country." Lord Palmerston himself, when he talks of "we Canningites" as distinct from the "Tories," was only using the conventional abbreviation which was perfectly understood by his contemporaries. The word Toryism was used colloquially and for convenience sake of that section of the party who, as we have said, had been the dominant half of it

from the death of Pitt to the death of Lord Liverpool. Men could not take the trouble every time they wrote a letter or spoke to an acquaintance in the street to enunciate some elaborate formula for the sake of preserving a distinction which everyone understood without it. But the simplest way of settling the question here mooted is by asking another one: what did Mr. Canning call himself? If Canning was a Tory, it is nonsense to pretend that a Canningite was anything else. And that Canning was not a Tory will scarcely, we should think, be asserted by any well-informed or impartial critic. Lord Palmerston, however, was, in our judgment, but a poor specimen of a Canningite. He saw that Mr. Canning was a Liberal Tory, and he believed that public opinion was in favour of liberality. Therefore he was a Canningite. But of the deeper and more ancient principles of that creed he had, we fancy, but little appreciation. At all events, he ceased to be a Canningite when he entered the Cabinet of Lord Grey as a sweeping Parliamentary Reformer, though in his later years, when men again began to call him a Tory, he had reverted to Mr. Canning's dislike of Parliamentary Reform. It may be doubted, however, whether even then he was really treading in the footsteps of Mr. Canning. The Constitution of 1827 was one thing; the Constitution of 1862 was quite another. The former possessed popular elements, as Lord Dalling points out in his *Life of Sir R. Peel*, in which the latter was deficient. And it by no means follows that because Canning upheld the system which existed before the Reform Bill, he would equally have upheld the system which that measure introduced. "The rotten borough system fell," says Mr. Froude, surely an unimpeachable witness on the subject, "not because it was bad in itself, but because it was abused to maintain injustice—to enrich the aristocracy and the landowners at the expense of the people." Without enquiring too closely into the truth of this assertion, it is evident that Canning, who was prepared to remedy this injustice and to abate the corn laws, was in no way called upon, according to Mr. Froude's ideas, to abolish rotten boroughs. These, according to our popular historian, were part of that true aristocratic system, namely, the government of the best for the good of the most, which is the central idea of popular Toryism, though lost sight of for a time in the early part of the present century. It is, however, Mr. Froude's idea and not ours, that rotten boroughs were a right means to the end.

Of Lord Palmerston's career at the Foreign Office, as far as it is included in the present volumes, the chief memorials are the establishment of the kingdom of Belgium, the Quadruple Alliance of 1834, the Syrian intervention of 1840, the Swiss intervention of 1847, and the correspondence on the Spanish marriages. Many minor transactions likewise come within the same period, altogether leaving an impression, that although the part which Lord Palmerston had prescribed to himself was dictated by a genuine regard for the greatness and dignity of his country, he too often overrated it, and created a storm in a teacup. The writer of the memoir in the *Times*, to which

we have before referred, seems to think this a feather in his cap, and facetiously observes of him that "Palmerston, it was thought, would move the whole force of the British Empire that Brown might not be defrauded of his Worcester sauce amid the ice of Siberia, or of his pale ale on the Mountains of the Moon." And Lord Palmerston himself, in the third volume of this essay, assigns a very good reason why the defencelessness of minor powers should not shield them from the consequences of actions for which stronger ones would be called to account. The only question is, whether it was not the smallness of the grievance, not the weakness of the offender, which sometimes justified the criticisms bestowed on Lord Palmerston's foreign policy—whether he was not too quick to see an insult where none was intended; and whether by reason of this infirmity he did not compromise the dignity of Great Britain nearly as often as he upheld it. It is difficult to imagine Lord Chatham or Lord Grenville ordering up the Mediterranean fleet to settle a squabble about a sulphur monopoly, or bullying the kingdom of Greece about Don Pacifico. However, opinions will probably differ to the end of time about this and similar transactions, while, on the other hand, there can be no dispute about the importance or the dignity of the other affairs which we have mentioned. The establishment of the kingdom of Belgium was the next best thing to maintaining its connexion with Holland, and that perhaps was impossible. The Quadruple Alliance secured a fair trial for the principles of constitutional government in France, Spain, and Portugal; and if they failed in either, that was not the fault of Lord Palmerston. The Syrian policy saved Egypt from becoming a province of France. The remonstrance of Great Britain in 1847 against a Franco-Austrian intervention in Switzerland, gained time for the two parties to fight out their own quarrel, and averted very serious results. The Spanish marriage, however, Lord Palmerston was unable to prevent; and this partly because he seems to have been deliberately duped by the French government—not the French Ambassador—partly because he characteristically supposed himself to stand in no need of any warnings from the scene of action, and persisted in neglecting all the hints conveyed to him by Lord Dalling, who was then our representative at Madrid. He would look at every question that arose from a purely English point of view, and made no allowance for the different constitution of the Spanish Court and government, and the want of public opinion in the country. A victim to his idiosyncrasy, and to the then fashionable belief that constitutionalism required only to be seen to be beloved, he certainly ran his head against walls which he might easily have avoided, and made it a much easier task for the French to have their own way than it otherwise might have been.

The key to Lord Palmerston's foreign policy in general was his theory of "English interests." He thought that Lord Aberdeen and ministers of that stamp were too much inclined to curry favour with foreign governments by waiving what was due to



ourselves; and he took his own stand on the doctrine that, cost what it might, when the interests of this country pointed clearly in one direction, the policy so indicated must be followed. He construed the word "interests," moreover, in a large and comprehensive sense, including in it the honour and dignity of Great Britain, as well as her material prosperity. His second doctrine of non-intervention was always made subservient to the first. And he cared little for the charge of inconsistency when he proceeded even to armed intervention, as he did in Portugal and Syria. He always derided the idea that you were never to remonstrate with a foreign power unless you were prepared to fight. Opinion, his special idol, had a force of its own which could always make itself felt more or less, and there might be many cases in which it was politic to make the most of it, without its being desirable to go further. Still, of course, Lord Palmerston never shrank from the alternative of arms. He held English interests to be involved in the highest sense of the term in the "balance of power," and as lately even as the last Danish war was ready to have carried out his principles. It is unfortunate that his biography is not continued to his death. His correspondence on the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the American Civil War would have been invaluable. But we still hope that other hands may complete what Lord Dalling has begun, and give us at last a finished portrait of one of the most famous Foreign Ministers, and one of the most popular statesmen, which our Parliamentary annals have to show.

Of Lord Palmerston's private life many interesting glimpses are obtained in these volumes. His hunting, and racing, and shooting, his gardeners and gamekeepers, and all the various little details belonging to the life of an English country gentleman, appear at intervals in his letters. There is more about shooting in the book, however, than about any other sport; and he seems to have paid considerable attention to his pheasant covers, and to have always looked forward to September with undisguised pleasure. We could wish the life had been written by one who had lived more in his society, and could to a certain extent have Boswellised him, as he would have repaid the process more perhaps than most of our public men. As it is, the book, though a valuable contribution to history, is upon the whole rather dry, and very unlike what one's imagination had previously conceived of a *Life of Lord Palmerston*. T. E. KEBBEL.

*The Life of Samuel Lover, R.H.A., with Selections from his Papers, &c.* By Bayle Bernard. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1874.)

GENIAL Samuel Lover, the Irish songster and painter, forms a pleasant subject for a chatty biography, and Mr. Bayle Bernard gossips agreeably about his hero through a plump volume of 348 pages. Mr. Bernard has a belief in Lover's actual and possible capabilities almost naïf in its elasticity: so catching is his enthusiasm, so sociable his way of enlisting a reader's sympathies, that

we may find ourselves sliding into conviction that the long list of titles which opens the preface—poet, novelist, dramatist, painter, etcher, and composer—was indeed borne by Samuel Lover as one of the giants of genius. This, of course, would be far from the mark. Lover shared the misfortune well said to be incident to men of various gifts and pursuits, "they are perpetually waiting in ante-chambers, and losing time in them;" yet because his happy nature had a spring of spontaneous impulse towards many cognate subjects of study, and the force of his character carried him through the irksomeness of preliminary drudgery, and enabled him to wait patiently for reward, he certainly did exhibit a very respectable versatility of success in both literature and art. He was a lucky man: from the time when he breathed health among the mountains of county Wicklow, and was transmogrified from a puny child of over-sensitive brain into a stout lad of thirteen ready for anything, up to his death at St. Heliers in his seventy-second year, fortune smiled kindly on him. His constitution was splendid, his temperament joyous, his heart was brave and tender; he seemed to throw off misfortune and breast a contrary tide like a hardy swimmer. So genial a topic might excuse a biography with less good sense and humour than this volume of Mr. Bernard.

Lover's parents were well-to-do folk in Dublin; the father, a stockbroker, would fain have turned his boy's sharp wits to substantial account in the office. The lad was obedient awhile, but the artistic impulse having manifested itself in attempts at original music, poetry, drawing, the drama, and heaven knows what else, and parental opposition only fanning the flame, the end was that with the profession of artist yet to learn in its rudiments, Samuel left his father's house and set up as a painter to gain his own living. He is supposed to have won his bread at first by giving lessons in drawing while he was yet teaching himself, perhaps to have copied music, perhaps to have taken likenesses; any way, he emerges out of a recordless term of three years as a marine painter; then he took with characteristic changefulness to miniature portraiture, and with the luck that followed his honest efforts soon obtained good sitters, kind patrons, and a moderate success. He may be said, however, to have painted, sung, and scribbled the world into good humour with him: when no portraits were on commission he wrote humorous articles for the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, without fee at first, till the "Story of a Gridiron" achieved a popularity that ensured payment for subsequent efforts. Then a fortunate accident brought him forward at the brilliant banquet given at Dublin to Moore in 1818, as the only complimentary songster of the evening, and his "Poets' Election," sung by himself to a well-known tune, brought applause from the guests and thanks from Moore that were the commencement of a long friendship. Eminent social gifts procured the young man admission into a brilliant society, of which Mr. Bernard gives an interesting description: Maturin, the clerical novelist and dramatist; the "exhilarating Brophy," as the

writer calls him, a dentist, who not only wrote laughter-moving poems, but joked his patients out of their toothaches; Lady Morgan, and others likely to keep a genius of Lover's stamp in good working order by constant friction, were among the stars of the circle.

The chief points in Lover's career may be soon noted: his pictorial efforts won him the post of Secretary to the Hibernian Academy; he wrote a successful drama, and more successful novels; then he illustrated the political satire of "Jonathan Buckthorne," called the Irish Horn Book, by caricatures of his own etching; he continued to write songs and compose music for them as the humour seized him; and he painted a good miniature portrait of Paganini. This last feat was a turning point, for the miniature, hung in the Royal Academy of London when the Paganini furore was still raging, turned eyes approvingly on the artist, and so encouraged Lover to come to London, being then forty years old. Here he continued the same versatile career amid the pleasures and advantages of London society. His comedies were well acted by Tyrone Power, and the fascinating Vestris patronised his productions and sang his songs. When photography diminished the demand for miniature-portraits, and the practice of etching had weakened his sight, Lover, with characteristic elasticity, betook himself to the vocation of interpreter of his own tales and songs, and organised a little entertainment after the fashion since become so popular. He went to America, and made a pretty purse and many friends in the course of a tour from New York to New Orleans, and through Canada. When he came back he took to landscape painting in oil at fifty-five years of age; revived his entertainment with American additions; married a second wife; wrote musical pieces for the Haymarket and Lyceum, and libretti for Balfe, and edited a volume of Irish lyrics. The last four years of his life were troubled with illness; he had to seek quiet and a mild climate in Jersey; but his faculties and accomplishments remained within his conscious enjoyment, till his cheerful spirit passed into the shades in 1868.

Mr. Bernard writes of Lover's artistic position with over-fondness, which is a pity; for to claim too much honour for the gifted Irishman, and to range him with greater men, is only to draw down unfavourable comparison. Lover's place as a painter has been judged by his contemporaries, perhaps a little carelessly: his miniatures find their way into public collections, his compositions and landscapes are remembered or known by few. His talent in this direction was mediocre, though marked by a certain freshness that pervaded all he did. As a writer, as a humourist, he, however, deserves a cosy niche in Fame's temple. His humour was true metal, ringing with no uncertain sound, racy as of pure Irish extraction, in its quaintness approaching the oddity of American humour, and akin to that of our own Charles Dickens in a certain colour of the picturesque and lurking tenderness. The second volume of Mr. Bernard's biography furnishes some good specimens in "Paddy at Sea," and "Re-

jected Addresses," "A Plea for Potheen," and the delicious "Molly Carew." Fine touches of humour sparkle in most of his songs, and it is as a song-writer that Lover ranks highest. As a musician, apart from the words for which the music was written, he can scarcely be criticised; the lyric faculty was in him altogether bird-like; melody and verse welled up together in his mind. He never studied music with sufficient science to do more than fit accompaniments prettily to his simple airs, but these are tender and sweet and singable—a great virtue where the music is only a vehicle for helping the impression of the words. In a capital chapter on the Songs of Ireland Mr. Bernard points out how the Gaelic poetry that has lived is the lyric: "it is as though the people were so musical they cared for nothing they could not sing." Thus, metrical descriptions or narrative are rarely met with in Gaelic, while love songs, drinking, martial, patriotic songs abound. Lover came into a rich inheritance when he took his place among the songsters of Ireland, but he was no plagiarist. He showed originality by drawing his inspiration from peasant life, though his own social experience lay elsewhere; and all his best songs are of the love and humour of "Paddy." In chapter xi., again, Mr. Bernard writes with sensitive critical faculty on the functions of the song writer: "he is still the poet, who proposes to enlarge emotion by the aid of melody. He may compose his airs himself, or he may borrow those of others; but music must be, and is at all times his indispensable auxiliary." The verses of Arndt and Körner, of Heine, of Rousseau, of Dorat and Victor Hugo, are rightly designated as "short and completed poems, containing all the emotion they require, and in which we feel that the wit and fancy are after all the chief ingredients." This is very good, but surely it is a mistake to have put in the same category with the poets named above, Herrick and Waller! Lover himself had a clear notion of some of the necessary qualities for a perfect song. "As many open vowels as possible," he says: "condensation, elasticity, firmness and variety of rhythm, correct accentuation and good singing, rather than good poetic or reading phraseology." He writes thus with his double insight as poet and musician, and from his humble standpoint hits a truth which wiser and richer brains than his are developing even now.

Apart from the personal topic of this biography, there is much to amuse and interest in the pictures from Irish life of last century and the commencement of this, a period of rapid political and social changes, phantasmagoric in brilliant or terrible aspects. Mr. Bernard writes as a warm sympathiser with Ireland, but without temper. He evidently revels in the quick susceptibilities, the racy humour, the arch impudence and quicksightedness of the people, and his pages are sown with anecdotes and "bulls" most aptly quoted. It is tempting to quote him, but it is only fair to refrain from picking the plums out of the cake.

In this grave age of sorrowful problems we must thank so cheerful a biographer as Mr. Bernard. "I'd rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me

sad," says Rosalind; and we may well pause a moment before the genial presence of Samuel Lover presented to us in these pages. A. D. ATKINSON.

*A Ramble Round the World*, 1871. By M. le Baron de Hübner. Translated by Lady Herbert. In Two Volumes. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.)

In the two volumes before us we have an English version of Baron de Hübner's *Promenade autour du Monde*, which was published at Paris in 1873; and all who delight in a really good book of travel will do well to read this narrative of a trip round the world, which was undertaken entirely from an ardent love of seeing new countries and peoples. The author tells us that the objects of his journey were

"to behold, beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the virgin forests of the Sierra Nevada, civilisation in its struggle with savage nature; to behold, in the Empire of the Rising Sun, the efforts of certain remarkable men to launch their country abruptly in the path of progress; to behold, in the Celestial Empire, the silent, constant, and generally passive, but always obstinate, resistance which the spirit of the Chinese opposes to the moral, political, and commercial invasions of Europe."

Considering that he only allowed himself eight months in which to complete this delightful programme, we are bound to say that M. de Hübner made a very good use of his time; and, although we do not pretend to accept all his *dicta* without reservation, he has conclusively shown that he is gifted with keen and accurate powers of observation. Thanks to his own carefulness, and the valuable assistance placed at his disposal in every place which he visited, these volumes contain comparatively few of the mistakes which so commonly disfigure works of this nature.

M. de Hübner started from Queenstown on May 14, 1871, and after brief visits to New York and Washington, he passed on to Chicago, giving his readers an amusing account of the long railway journey. In his rambles about "the great emporium of the West," he was much astonished at meeting a house in the middle of the road, and at first he was sceptical, and would hardly believe his own eyes; but

"very soon all doubt on the subject is at an end. Placed on trestles resting on cylinders, one horse and three men, by means of a capstan, do the work. . . . A veranda in full flower trembles under the slight shaking of the cylinders. The chimney smokes; they are evidently cooking. From an open window I catch the sounds of a piano. An air from *La Traviata* mingles with the grinding of the wheels which support this ambulatory domicile."

From Chicago to Salt Lake City M. de Hübner travelled most luxuriously in one of Pullman's palace-cars. During his stay at the capital of the Mormons, he takes the opportunity of investigating the cause of the periodical difficulties with the Indians, but he does not give much information that is new respecting Brigham Young and his followers, although he tells an amusing story (not without its moral) about the President caning one of his own forty-eight children in the street, without being in the least aware of the identity of the object of his

wrath. The chapter on San Francisco will be read with interest, as our author describes in graphic terms the origin and present condition of that rising town; he arrives at the conclusion that "New York and London are evidently distanced by San Francisco," and he finds the explanation in the fact "that everything has to be created from the very beginning." In speaking of this place he makes some sensible observations on the unfair treatment of the large Chinese element in the population of the Western States, remarking that numbers of them in consequence, instead of settling permanently in the country, return to China and—

"carry away in their trunks the fruit of their long and patient toil; in their minds a sovereign contempt for our civilization; and in their hearts the bitterest hatred of the Christian."

Whilst at San Francisco, M. de Hübner made an excursion to the "Big Trees" of Mariposa and the Yosemite valley, and although he enjoyed what he saw very much, he seems to have found the journey tedious.

Our author next crossed the Pacific to Japan, in which country he spent ten weeks, making some pleasant excursions and visiting the chief treaty-ports and the capital. On the whole he considers that

"there is no great town in Asia, and very few even in Europe, which, on the score of cleanliness, can be compared to Yedo. It has also a look of prosperity and gaiety which is pleasant to see."

During his stay there, through the good offices of Mr. Adams, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, he was presented to the Mikado, and introduced to Iwakura and other leading statesmen, with whom he held long conversations respecting the recent reforms in Japan. With some difficulty he obtained permission to visit Kiyôto, until lately the residence of the Mikados, and when there, by dint of perseverance and audacity, he even contrived to penetrate into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of their palace or castle, with which, after all, he seems to have been disappointed. He gives some notes about Japanese history and the persecution of the Christians, and he concludes this portion of his narrative with a summary of the present state of the Empire. He is of opinion that in their reforms the Japanese have not set to work properly, for it appears to him

"that any work of reform ought to begin by touching the hearts of men; it ought to implant charity and the renunciation of self. . . . The result would be, respect for property and private rights, and honest guarantees for public order, without which trade will never flourish. Then the moment would arrive for telegraphs and railroads. To begin by them is to set the cart before the horse. A man may learn to work the telegraph wires and drive a locomotive, and yet remain a barbarian, sharpen his sword on the first man he meets after leaving the station, or, if the station-master has reproved him, perform *hari-kari* to avenge his injured honour."

We are next taken to Shanghai, the chief centre of foreign trade in China, which, for some reason which is not clear to us, M. de Hübner describes as "the great metropolis." The foreign settlements, especially the British, excite his admiration, at which we are not at all surprised; and the native town, too, was better than he had been led to expect, at any rate it was no worse than



towns in the south of Europe, which, however, is somewhat negative praise. Confused probably by the extreme novelty of all that surrounds him, our author falls into some curious mistakes, which all tend to show how impossible it is for any one to write accurately respecting a place like Shanghai on the strength of a week's residence there. A similar remark applies to the observations which he noted down in his journal while at Peking, for, notwithstanding the aid of skilful *cicerones*, he gets out of his depth in several matters which we have not space to specify. To give but one instance, he speaks of the Imperial City as "inaccessible to mortals." This may be, and we believe is, the case nowadays; but the way in which M. de Hübner writes would lead his readers to think that it had always been so, whereas less than a dozen years ago any one who chose (we speak from personal experience) could ride or walk all over it, excepting, of course, the inner enclosures, which contain the Imperial Palace, properly so called. Peking must almost of necessity disappoint every one's preconceived notions respecting the capital of so vast an empire as China, and M. de Hübner is no exception to the generality of travellers who visit it. He likens the place to "a great camp of barbarians bivouacking round the tent of their chief;" and he considers it "the type of the ancient cities mentioned in the Bible." As every traveller feels bound to do, he visited, among other sights, the Summer Palace, and made the usual pilgrimage to the Ming Tombs and the inner Great Wall, but we suspect that the mode of travelling was too rough to induce him to satisfy his curiosity respecting the outer and, as we think, more interesting portion of the frontier wall of China. After an interview with the Prince of Kung, he returned to Tientsin, where, being weather-bound for a few days, he occupied his time in analysing all the circumstances connected with the massacre of the Roman Catholics, a subject to which he devotes considerable space. At length he got away from Tientsin, and in due time reached Hongkong, of which he gives a very true description, ending by likening it to "Ventnor or Shanklin seen through a magnifying glass and under a jet of electric light." He was charmed with Canton, and had special facilities for seeing all that was worth a visit there. So high an opinion, indeed, does he entertain of that city, that he goes so far as to say that "he who has not visited Canton has not seen China." He gives a melancholy account of the condition in which he found Macao:—

"At every step," he says, "one comes upon imposing buildings. They are old convents of monks and nuns, now transformed into barracks without soldiers, museums without any of the treasures which they are destined to hold, and public offices full of clerks who are dying of hunger."

M. de Hübner left Hongkong for Marseilles on December 6, and, taking advantage of the leisure afforded by the voyage home "to sum up his impressions," he discusses the various phases of the missionary question in China and the position of that country in regard to its interior state

and policy, as well as its relations with foreign powers. He is of opinion that in order

"to persuade the Chinese to accept our civilisation, we must act on their hearts more than on their minds, which are far more open than people generally think. . . . The Chinese are not like the Japanese. . . . They are serious-thinking men. They will adopt our civilisation when they begin to understand it, but they will not understand it till the day arrives when they choose to do so."

We regret that we cannot speak very highly of the English rendering of this work taken as a whole, for Lady Herbert is undoubtedly not happy as a translator. The volumes before us abound in errors of all kinds, which we cannot but lay at her door, and of which we must not omit to note that she reserves the right of reproduction. The Gallicisms, too, which are to be met with here and there, are sometimes rather startling—e.g., "the five treaty-ports" of Japan are described as "the five ports called 'of the treaties.'" EDW. DUFFIELD JONES.

*Religious Thought in England from the Reformation to the End of last Century: a Contribution to the History of Theology.*  
By the Rev. John Hunt, M.A. Vol. III.  
(London: Strahan & Co., 1873.)

MR. HUNT is to be congratulated on the completion of a task involving great labour and research, which he has executed with signal candour, impartiality, and ability. It is not often that even the most enthusiastic explorers of the province of theology are at once so persevering and so fortunate as to pursue and bring to successful accomplishment a scheme of fourteen years,—a scheme moreover originally conceived, as he confesses, with far from adequate notions of its difficulty and extent.

The Preface to the present volume—another of those somewhat naïve confidences whereby Mr. Hunt enables his readers to follow the elaboration and modifications of his design—puts us in possession of the history of the entire undertaking. It is ten years ago, he tells us, since he submitted the outline of his work, first conceived and commenced some four years before, to his chief adviser, the late Professor Maurice. His experienced Mentor "smiled incredulously," and foretold a herculean labour of twenty years. Half that time has already expired, and Mr. Hunt frankly admits that "the present work is only the completion of the second chapter, and the first will have to be re-written." He is however, we are glad to find, neither weary nor fainthearted, and we learn that the History of Religious Thought in England will be followed, in all probability, by a History of Religious Life. Such an undertaking, it is evident, will make demands upon powers of a somewhat higher order than those called into requisition by a rapid sketch like his "Panthemism," or by a series of careful analyses like those in the volume before us. While requiring in an equal degree the exercise of an impartial judgment, it will also render indispensable the employment of that sympathetic faculty which, in a work like the present, it has been necessary to keep almost entirely in abeyance; and however sincere the

desire to do equal justice to all, the author's delineations will probably elicit far more criticism than his past efforts.

In his present Preface the author takes occasion to advert to some exceptions that have been taken to the title,—that he has written, for instance, rather about theology than religion. "I have written," he says, "a history of opinions concerning religion." But this definition is surely less comprehensive than his title, for speculation and the influences under which speculation is evoked are often quite as important as the "opinions" ultimately formed, and far more interesting. Bishop Hoadley, Mr. Hunt tells us, in a celebrated sermon which proved the occasion of a long and important controversy, once took occasion to comment on the change of meaning which some words undergo, and instanced as an example the word "religion," which, he said, "in the time of St. James, meant virtue and integrity in ourselves, with charity and beneficence to others, but had come to mean everything but virtue and charity." We are not at all sure that many an orthodox reader, on glancing over the "thought" that finds admission to these pages under the names of Conyers Middleton, Tindal, Chubb, Bolingbroke, and Hume, will not feel inclined to share the bishop's opinion. To such a criticism Mr. Hunt might reasonably reply, that it was the demonstrations of scepticism which evoked the achievements of belief, and that had the eighteenth century been less immoral, unbelieving, and materialistic than it was, the *Alciphron* of Berkeley, the *Analogy* of Butler, and the *Evidences* of Paley would probably never have been written.

We miss in this volume but few names or works of any importance, the most serious omission being that of any reference whatever to Butler's *Sermons*,—discourses which, in point of value as a contribution to the religious and philosophical thought of the age, rank second only to the *Analogy*. Bishop Law, the translator and editor of King's *Origin of Evil*, and editor of Locke's works, who played so important a part in connexion with the question of subscription, might perhaps have fairly received more consideration; and it is singular that, in enumerating the works of William Law, Mr. Hunt should have omitted all reference to the *Serious Call*, a work to which Dr. Johnson was wont to attribute his own adoption of more decided religious views, and which is interesting both from its wide-spread popularity and as a reflex of the new school of German mysticism. The *Light of Nature*, by Abraham Tucker, is dismissed in four lines in the Appendix. It would have been better to offer some other reason for thus passing by the work than that it "really contains little that is original." Paley declared that he found in this writer "more original thinking and observation upon the several subjects he had taken in hand than in any other, not to say than in all others put together;" and Sir James Macintosh regarded the neglect of his writings "as the strongest proof of the disinclination of the English nation, for the last half-century, to metaphysical philosophy." The introduction of one or two chapters on the influence of contemporary French literature and the pro-

gress of scientific enquiry, would have gone far to render more intelligible much of that theological activity which the volume sets forth. A concluding chapter of some thirty pages gives us, it is true, what the author describes as "a general review of the whole;" but this does nothing in the direction we have indicated, and seems indeed scarcely a worthy pendant to so considerable a performance. A work like this should have a good index; the one here given, so far as we have tested it, is both faulty and defective.

But omissions and shortcomings like these, which can easily be made good in a subsequent edition, detract but little from the general utility of the work. The student who has it on his shelf will have at his command a lucid and trustworthy history of nearly every notable defence of the faith and every phase of theologic doubt during the three centuries that followed on the Reformation. In his Preface to the second volume, Mr. Hunt expressed his hope that the work would "save a great deal of writing," "for many men would see that all they had to say had been said already." This in itself would not necessarily be a valid reason why they should not say it again. Half of what in the present century has come to be regarded as almost axiomatic in science and philosophy, was first enunciated amid derision and contempt by individual thinkers, and only gained acceptance at last through reiteration with increased emphasis on the part of their disciples. But it will undoubtedly be of service to our young theologians to see that the doubt and distrust of their own age are in no way peculiar either in matter or form to the nineteenth century, and they will find it of value, while examining the arguments by which scepticism was supported or opposed generations ago, to compare them with those of the present day, and to endeavour to decide for themselves to which party learning, science, and discussion have brought the greater accession of strength.

It may be not unnecessary to observe that these volumes, though judiciously relieved by anecdote and narrative, cannot be regarded as light reading. Analyses of profound argument could hardly be expected to prove so; and occasionally Mr. Hunt's conciseness necessitates a pause, in order to grasp the connexion of the sentences. It is to be hoped, and we may be sure it is his wish, that the work may in no way supersede the study of at least the more important writers to whom its pages form an introduction, but may rather serve to point out to the student where discussions of this or that difficulty are to be found, and thus allure him to the perusal of many a good old author too much forgotten amid the demands of modern literature.

J. BASS MULLINGER.

#### *The Danish Intrusion into South Britain.*

Read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, Jan. 26, 1874.

By Joseph Boulton, F.R.I.B.A.

MR. BOULT has already, it appears, tried to prove that the Angles and Jutes were "not Teutonic foreigners, but sections of the Celtic Britanni;" he now proceeds to demolish what he calls "the theory of the Danish planting of England." His own ideas as to

the extent of the Scandinavian element in the population of the island are not very clearly expressed; but his arguments are mainly directed against the assumption that characteristic local names are to be taken as indicative of a Danish or Norwegian settlement. Where others see evident traces of the colonising Norseman, he detects the "indigenous" Kelt. The plan upon which he proceeds is simple enough. Ignoring historical and all other evidence, he confines himself to the Keltic Dictionary, from which with more or less ingenuity he manages to extract equivalents for the well-known suffixes which are generally regarded as Scandinavian in origin. Thus, in place of the D. *byr*, he suggests as original forms of *-by* the K. *buar*, cattle; *bith* (bee), the living; *bid*, a hedge; or, by substitution of *b* for *f*, *fidh* (fee), a wood; while *-thorpe* he derives from the K. *dorbh*, grass; *-thwaite* from the K. *tuath*, a tract of country, and similarly with the rest. It is not difficult to see, however, that Mr. Boulton's etymological speculations are not grounded upon any real knowledge of philology. One who speaks of K. *tan*, a territory, as the root of E. *town*, and of K. *am*, people, as the original of A.-S. *ham* and E. *home*; or who goes the length of deriving Bath from K. *bo*, a cow, through the medium of *bo-tigh* (bothy), a cow-house, can hardly be looked upon as a trustworthy guide. The digression upon personal nomenclature is no less unsatisfactory. It is no good to claim as compounds of Keltic words such names as Olaf [*ollamh*, a chief professor in any science], Thorketil [*tor-cet-il*, great counsel month], and others, without accounting for the fact that it is in Norse history and poetry, and in Norse countries, that they most persistently occur. There is the same incompleteness in Mr. Boulton's main argument, for he leaves out of sight the significant manner in which the local names, the Norse origin of which he denies, are distributed. If they are Keltic, it is singular that they should be confined precisely to those districts of England in which the historical accounts place the settlements of the Northmen, and equally so that the peculiar suffixes by which they are distinguished should at once be common in Scandinavia, and extremely rare in the confessedly Keltic parts of our island. The existence of the Danelaga is an historical fact which Mr. Boulton does not dispute; but he insists that the territory which it comprised was so called, "not because Danish laws were established . . . but because Danish kings maintained law and order, for the K. *lagh* signifies order." And this seems to be the position which Mr. Boulton assumes throughout. There was an "intrusion" of Danes into England, but no "immigration;" in other words, their occupation of the country was purely political and military in its character, having no more effect on the population than is the case with the English occupation of India. If such a theory is to be accepted, stronger arguments than those of Mr. Boulton must be adduced in its support.

GEORGE F. WARNER.

DR. ROSCHER has now in the press an essay on the English peasantry, discussing the views of recent English writers on the subject.

#### *Idolatry: a Romance.* By Julian Hawthorne. In Two Volumes. (London: H. S. King & Co., 1874.)

ILL-ADVISED flattery cannot fail to mar the powers which Mr. Julian Hawthorne undoubtedly possesses, and the young writer will do well to disregard the clamour of partisans who have already proclaimed him one of the literary forces of the future, and are engaged in furbishing for his use the massive arms with which his father went forth to battle. Possibly one or two of these weapons may ultimately be suited to him; but the rarer gifts of Nathaniel Hawthorne—the mystic beauty of his fancy, his microscopic insight into human passions and aspirations, the fastidious delicacy of his style—lie, like the sword and sandals of Aegæus, buried under a great flat stone, with a ten years' growth of moss and acanthus on it, and Mr. Julian Hawthorne should be content to bear the white armour and deviceless shield of the novice until he has shown his fitness for attempting to assume enchanted accoutrements. Neither of the romances which he has published shows such fitness. In the second, which is called *Idolatry*, there is descriptive ability of an uncommon order, but scarcely any other of the qualities which entitle a writer of fiction to honourable consideration. Mr. Hawthorne seems to have inherited from his father that faculty of painting basso-relievo which has placed among imperishable memories the scene of the pilloried adulteress, standing with scarlet letter fantastically embroidered on her breast by richest art of needlework, in the crowd of stern-visaged Puritans, and in the presence of her tempter and her avenger. But to quote a few graphic passages as samples of the book is to offer a brick as sample of the house. The younger Hawthorne has not yet learned the golden rule which Septimius Felton could have taught him, that the way truly to live and answer the purposes of life is not to gather up thoughts into books, where they grow dry, but still to be going about full of green wisdom, ripening ever, not in maxims cut and dry, but a wisdom ready for daily occasions. His theories cause him to despise action. He loses himself in the clouds of abstract speculation. He seems unable to move his puppets and interpret their motion at the same time, so he often abandons both puppets and interpretation, and executes a fanfaronade on the nature of the soul, the origin of evil, and the like. He follows his father's lead in addressing a preface to the friend whose counsel guided him to fiction; but while Nathaniel Hawthorne recalls the days when his friend and he were boys at school, gathering blue-berries under tall academic pines, watching the logs that tumbled down the current of the Androscoggin, shooting pigeons and grey squirrels, bat-fowling in the twilight, angling for trout in the shadowy stream that wandered riverward through the forest, Julian Hawthorne announces that he "proffers genuine arcana of imagination and philosophy," and begs the reader to bear with him so long as he "goes not the length of fantastically presenting phenomena inexplicable upon any common-sense hypothesis." He should eschew these prefaces, and, borrowing a hint



from the farce-writers, call his romances whimsical improbabilities or grotesque absurdities. And, indeed, we have seen many farces which were truer to nature than *Idoltry*.

The prologue, however, is written with excellent knowledge of picturesque effect. It opens on a summer's day in Egypt. The air is full of lazy warmth, a full-fed river slides in long curves through a low-lying plain, the rich earth exhales the quivering heat of her breath: a dark-skinned race, turbaned and scantily clothed, is standing waist-deep in the water or resting beneath the palm-trees, and a boy of higher caste than his fellows, wearing as a talisman an antique ring suspended to a gold chain round his neck, is swimming in the Nile, which catches him in its cool arms, dandles him, kisses him, woos him imperceptibly onward; when suddenly a crocodile plunges from the bank, with tears in eyes and long grin of serried teeth, and the lad is with difficulty saved by a yellow-bearded, blue-eyed Viking, swinging from the halyard of a boat with broad lateen sail and striped flag at its mast, that drifts down the eddying stream. Egypt, with her pyramids, palms, and river, then fades away. We are brought to a temple built in an Egyptian order of architecture, with panels cut in strange emblems and devices, columns whose capitals are carved with the lotos-flower and bases planted among papyrus leaves, a red granite sarcophagus in each corner, a mummy upright in wooden case between each pair of pillars, statues of Isis and Osiris sitting impassive with hands on knees in the doorway, and at the end an altar of black marble, on which the perfumed smoke of incense mingles with the lamps beneath the high ceiling. This temple has been built on the banks of the Hudson river by a crazy American antiquary, and in it his ministering priest, the boy of the first scene, is joining in marriage the yellow-bearded Viking and his master's dark-haired sister Helen, whom he secretly loves, and to whom after several months he so violently declares his passion that her two children are prematurely born and their mother dies. The name of the priest is Manetho.

The story begins about twenty-five years later, and is mostly concerned with the intellectual diversions of one of these two children, who is called Balder Helwyse. He is described as a young Scandinavian god, whose oriflamme is a sheaf of yellow hair, "with the true hyacinthine curl pervading it," and in this respect he is likened to Samson and St. Paul. He is said to have taken hold of knowledge in all its branches, and in this respect he is likened to a Titan. He is reported to have had the softness, impetuosity, and romantic imagination of Hamlet, and the malignity, coldness, and subtlety of Iago. He could on occasion imagine himself to have the heart of Lucifer burning beneath the cool brain of a Grecian sage. He was endowed with a force of thought to electrify nations, and talks like a young woman who has attended six lectures in moral philosophy. Capable of anything, he does and attempts to do nothing. But on his way from Asgard, abode of immortals, to Manheim, dwelling of men, he passed through a German Univer-

sity, and there learned that the secret of the world was no secret, that nature was a reflection of himself, that God was his elder brother—himself in some distant and attainable condition—and that his senses were the outlets of divinity. His sole weakness was that he ate like one of Mr. Mortimer Collins's heroes. "The generous virtues," he said, "arise from the cultivation of the stomach. Hunger moves man to join in the work of creation, to harmonise himself with the music of the universe, to feel ambition, joy, and sorrow. Eating is earth's first law, and heaven itself could not subsist without it." Having delivered this sermon on Sancho Panza's text that good fare lessens care, he journeyed to New York by sea; and as he sat on the deck of the steamer in a dense fog there came a voice through the mist, "a voice soft, fluent, and polished, from which savage licence was not far removed," which asked him whether he had reflected on the nature of omnipotence; whether he did not consider that the sinner was the only true reformer, and that, the world being out of joint, adulterers, thieves, and murderers were born to set it right. These theories not being included in his University course, his Berserker blood at once resented them, and the phantom of the philosophic Mandeville was thrown overboard. Of course it was the Egyptian Manetho.

Balder then went in search of his uncle's house. His uncle was the antiquary of the prologue, who, being the son of an undertaker, had so long allowed his thoughts to dwell among tombs; mausoleums, and mummies, that he constructed for a human dwelling the gigantic sarcophagus in which his sister was married, and cut it off by a high wall from communication with the neighbouring city of New York, leaving no other means of subsistence for its inmates than the hoopoes, owls, crocodiles, and gold beetles which his gardens produced in abundance. Balder, having shaved his beard, and apparently lost therewith his superhuman strength, gained entrance by climbing a tree, and found himself among Moorish columns and Egyptian pilasters, in view of a conservatory where luxuriant shrubs with broad drooping leaves stood motionless in the heat, where palm-trees uplifted their heavy plumes forty feet aloft on slender stems, where a pool slumbered between rocky margins, and where a crocodile lazily edged off a fragment of stone in the middle and plumped into the water. Here among the warm plants appeared to him a young woman, standing like the rejoicing upgush of a living fountain, "like the sphinx before the gloom of her riddle had dimmed her primal joy: like Isis in the first flush of her divinity." Her black hair was crowned with a low turban, round her brow was a band of jewelled gold, a golden serpent coiled round her smooth throat, her feet were sandalled, and from her shoulders fell a robe of purple byssus. Her name was Gnulemah. Manetho believed her to be Balder's sister, and now, having been picked up uninjured at sea, he returns to contrive their marriage. In the temple where their parents were married, and with the talismanic ring that united their parents, he joins the two together. But it appears that Gnulemah is his own daughter,

and that her mother is an old woman named Salome, who has long been her sole attendant. So the wedded pair are happy, until a lightning-flash bursts into their bridal chamber, killing Manetho, killing Salome, blinding Gnulemah, and converting Balder from the paths of sceptical enquiry.

The characters of this romance are wholly unreal. Manetho is the mediæval devil with horns and a tail; Gnulemah is a chain-bound dweller in the Platonic cave of shadows; and the ideal Balder is a muddy-pated dreamer. More matter and less art are needed, both in style and in thought. The son of a man who "wrote excellent English—a language now obsolete," varies the style of a poet with that of a newspaper correspondent. His thoughts are as luxuriantly tumid as his father's were sternly chaste. And, to draw a final contrast, while Nathaniel Hawthorne devoted his literary life to the consecration of unselfishness, Mr. Julian Hawthorne creates an impossible form of self-idolatry, and executes poetic justice on it with a flash of lightning.

WALTER MACLEANE.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. HOMERSHAM COX's answer to the question, *Is the Church of England Protestant?* (Longmans) is that the word Protestant is never used in the Prayer Book, the Articles, or the Homilies. He has no difficulty in showing that the English Reformation was conducted in independence of "German Lutheranism and French Calvinism," to the former of which alone the word Protestantism originally applied. Nor has he a hard task in quoting passages from the works of the early reformers which would be very unacceptable to the modern Evangelicals. Except, however, so far as this argument is directed against a real or supposed claim of the Evangelicals to thrust their opponents out of the Church, it is difficult to see what its value is. The sixteenth century is hardly capable of giving much direct teaching to the nineteenth. Then, as now, just as there are Aristotelians and Platonists in philosophy, there were two great divisions of religious men. There were the Reformers, who looked to church discipline and teaching, to study and cultivation of the intelligence, and to the influence of external rites as the means of reaching the individual soul, and who gradually abandoned certain doctrines and ceremonies without breaking loose from the system in which they had been educated. On the other hand, there were those who are popularly called Protestants, to whom, whatever their special doctrinal opinions may have been, the individual soul and its relation to God came first, and who cared little or nothing for external forms even if they did not reject them as Popish. Some such division as this runs through the history of the English Church. But in the sixteenth century these elements, if not likely completely to amalgamate, were at least tending to amalgamation. In our time they appear to be tending to fly apart.

The tendency to compromise which marked Queen Elizabeth's recension of the Prayer Book is one of the commonplaces of history. But this is not a point on which Mr. Cox cares to dwell. He quotes from Heylin to show (p. 21) that there was great care taken for expunging all such passages as might offend the "Popish party." But he does not tell us that care was taken to hold out a hand in the other direction as well. To inform us that "by the Queen's injunctions it was ordered that the Lord's Table should be placed where the altar stood," is to convey an erroneous impression. The table was merely to be placed

there when not used. At the time of Communion it was to be—

"placed in good sort within the chancel, as whereby the minister may be more conveniently heard of the communicants in his prayer and ministration, and the communicants also more conveniently and in more numbers communicate with the said minister; and after the communion done, from time to time the same holy table to be placed where it stood before."

This idea of a moveable table adopted by the Canons of 1604 is one which shows that the Elizabethan divines tried to satisfy the demand of others than "the Papist party." Is it possible that in this may be found the solution of that knotty point over which so many clergymen and lawyers have been puzzling themselves for so long. What if when the table was moved down it was placed east and west? Perhaps some one versed in the ecclesiastical literature of the sixteenth century can tell us if this is the case. It seems likely enough to have been so, and then the difficulty of reconciling the direction to the minister to stand before the table and also at the north side fades away at once.

Since the words just written were in type, Mr. William Milton, in a letter to the *Times* of Nov. 14, on Parliament and Convocation in 1661, has argued that, from the words of the rubric as interpreted by history, the east and west position at the time of the administration may safely be inferred. Williams's letter about the Grantham dispute, in 1627, though it does not touch the whole of the question, is at all events decisive as to what the practice of his day was not. "If you mean by altarwise," he writes, "that the table should stand along close by the wall . . . I do not believe that ever the communion tables were, otherwise than by casualty, so placed in country churches."

The real lesson to be derived from history is doubtless to be learnt from the seventeenth century, over which Mr. Cox passes so briefly. Then there was an attempt to enforce on the one side uniformity of doctrine, on the other side uniformity of ceremonial. At last it was found that men who held opinions so discordant could not dwell together in peace, and the Toleration Act authorised the separation of the combatants into distinct communities. In our days the corresponding solution for persistence in hostility between parties would doubtless be disestablishment.

Into Mr. Cox's criticisms on the Public Worship Regulation Act it would be out of place to enter here. But while he is certainly in the right in holding that no body of religious believers will ever be "put down" by Act of Parliament, it is to be doubted whether much light will be thrown on the subject unless it be admitted that his opponents have a *locus standi* both in the history of the English Church and in present possession, and that the fact that a patron may at any moment thrust upon a parish an incumbent whose thoughts and principles are radically different from those of the majority of the congregation is sufficient reason for the commotion which we are witnessing, whatever opinion we may hold as to the special means which have been adopted to meet the difficulty.

*The Ice-Maiden and other Stories.* By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated from the Danish by Mrs. Bushby. (Griffith & Farren.) This gorgeous volume in scarlet and gold is a version of one of Andersen's latest *Eventyr*, the pathetic story of *Iisjomfruen*, or the "Ice-Maiden." It is a tale of one Rudy, a Swiss boy of Swedish extraction, whose mother, with him in her arms, had fallen into a crevasse between Grindelwald and the Gemmi, and been frozen to death before she could be saved. Little Rudy had been restored to life, but a change had passed over him; he had been kissed by the frosty lips of the Ice-Maiden, by which is meant the spirit of Alpine cold, and the spell of the snow always remained with him through life. The story is pure poetry, of the child-like and unalloyed kind, thoroughly ideal in spite of all the realistic touches, in which

H. O. Andersen specially delights. Rudy is taken to live with an uncle, who is a mighty chamois hunter in the Valais, and becomes a dauntless and adventurous climber; but the Ice-Maiden, and her attendants, Vertigo, Glamourie, and the rest, are always on the watch for him, but at first in vain. He grows up the handsomest and pluckiest lad in the village, and makes love to a dear little coquette called Babette; their small quarrels and adventures being recorded with all the delicious *naïveté* of Andersen. There are also a dog and two cats that play a prominent part. It is characteristic that the poet who of all others perceives least, or rather ignores most, what is merely animal in man, insists of all others most strongly upon what is human in the brutes. In the exquisite dream-world of Andersen, where men are children, and adult passions and sins are unknown, the cats and dogs are as shrewd as their masters, and often a great deal shrewder. The end of the story is very sad. On their wedding-day, Rudy and Babette row out in a boat to a little islet in the lake, and as they sit in the grass, with their feet dangling over the edge of the islet, and listen in a rapture to the lapping of the waters and the sound of the wind in the flowers, Rudy is seized with an irresistible attraction downwards. He glides into the cold dark waters, and Babette gazing after him in infinite terror, sees that as soon as the surface of the water closes over him, a crystal figure like a woman floats up, takes him in her arms and presses him wildly to her breast. This is the Ice-Maiden who has snatched him to herself at last, and poor little Babette has to mourn his loss to the end of her life.

To fill out the volume, the translator has added translations of three smaller stories, the "Butterfly," "Psyche," and "The Snail and the Rose-bush." It is significant to any one who has read these tales first in their original language, to contrast the modest, paper-covered Danish duodecimos with the splendid English octavos, gilt-edged and gorgeous, that contain, after all, only the same russet and homely stories. At all events we do Andersen glory as far as in us lies: it is to be hoped that these glittering editions bring him also some more tangible honorarium.

*The Neglected Question.* By B. Markewitch. Translated from the Russian by the Princesses Ouroussoff. 2 vols. (London: H. S. King & Co.) Russians are apt to complain that English books about Russia are incorrect and otherwise unsatisfactory. The *Neglected Question*, translated from the Russian by the Princesses Ouroussoff, must be assumed to be correct, so far as the pictures of Russian life are concerned, but in other respects it can scarcely be said to be satisfactory. The central figure is that of a lady of the type so familiar to French novelists. But her position is rendered peculiar by the fact that her conduct is closely watched by her son, a lad of fifteen, and by her husband, a forty-five year old paralytic. The situations to which this scrutiny gives rise are the reverse of comfortable, and in describing them the author, though actuated no doubt by the best motives, has brought before us pictures on which it is by no means an unmixed pleasure to gaze. The translators appear, so far as we are able to judge, to have done their work well. But their labour has been lavished, we fear, upon an ungrateful soil.

*The Slang Dictionary, Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal.* A New Edition, revised and corrected, with many Additions. (Chatto & Windus.) We are glad to see the *Slang Dictionary* reprinted and enlarged. It would be shallow and perverse scholarship indeed that should not appreciate the importance of the language, or lingo, which it helps to place on record. Lurking in the lanes and byways are many words singularly instructive and interesting—words of a noble pedigree that have experienced strange reverses; words whose origin and history cast no faint light on the habits and tendencies of the popular mind;

words that have in their time served as the expressions of wild fashions and follies and frenzies. How imperfectly the ordinary lexicons represent the spoken language of the day! In whatever spirit such compilations as that before us were first published, whether Harman and Decker and Head and others, down to Grose and his followers, who attempted them, were moved by a desire to amuse or to edify, it is no trifling service to have a dialect reported and preserved altogether unknown by Dr. Johnson and his successors, or altogether ignored. Certainly nothing that has ever circulated as an embodiment of human thought ought to be allowed to perish. We know too little about ourselves to spare a simple item that may assist us in any way, ever so slight, in the study of man. So that from a high scientific point of view this book is not to be despised. Of course it cannot fail to be amusing also. It contains the very vocabulary of unrestrained humour and oddity and grotesqueness. In a word, it provides valuable material both for the student of language and the student of human nature. We say material *advisedly*; for it cannot be said that much scholarship is exhibited in the volume as it now appears. The derivations, when any are given, are for the most part as ludicrous as anything in the book. The editor is evidently one of those who hold that etymologies are merely "happy thoughts;" whereas in that science "happy thoughts" are in the main quite "unhappy." Would that the ordinary word-collector would be content to tabulate, and not to derive! Of the merits of the tabulation in this case we need say the less because the book is not a new comer.

EDITOR.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are informed that Messrs. Bowes and Audsley's large forthcoming work on *Japanese Ceramic Art* is in active preparation, and the first part will probably be ready early in 1875. The plates are being printed in Paris in the highest style of chromolithography, and the work will be one of the most beautiful of its kind ever produced.

THE third volume of the *Monumenta Juridica*, edited by Sir Travers Twiss, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, may be expected shortly to appear. It will contain the most ancient known text of "The Judgments of the Sea," extracted from the *Liber Horn*, and collated with the *Liber Memorandum* in the Guildhall of the City of London, and further collated with a Flemish MS. of the fourteenth century preserved in the Archives of the city of Bruges; also a very early Catalan text of "The Customs of the Sea," collated with the most ancient known MS. of the "Consolat del Mar," preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Both of these collections of mediæval maritime law will be accompanied with English translations, it being the first time that an English translation of the "Consolat del Mar," although much called for, has been attempted. The Introduction to the work will give an account of the original "Black Book" of the Admiralty, which has been missing for some time, and has come to light since the publication of the first volume of the *Monumenta*, and likewise an account of the long-lost *Tabula Amalphitana*, reputed to be the most ancient collection of mediæval maritime law, which has been recently discovered among the Foscarini MSS. in the Imperial Library in Vienna. Two photographic facsimiles of the text of the "Black Book" will be inserted in the volume, to enable palæographers to form an opinion as to the identity of the writing of the earlier and later parts of it.

OTHER volumes nearly ready in the same series are: the Rev. H. R. Luard's second volume of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, and the Rev. J. R. Lumby's fifth volume of the *Polychronicon Ranulphi Higden*.



WE understand that Messrs. Henry S. King & Co. have in preparation a translation of the New Testament from the latest Greek text of Tischendorf, by the Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D. The work will contain an introduction embodying the ideas common to Dr. Davidson and Dr. Tischendorf.

A *History of Political Economy in Germany*, by the celebrated economist Wilhelm Roscher, Professor of Political Economy at Leipzig, has just been published at Munich by the Historical Commission of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences. It is a most complete and erudite work, tracing the progress of economic ideas and philosophy in Germany from the time of Erasmus down to Hildebrand, Knies, Schäffle, Nasse, and other distinguished authors of the present day, and including a criticism of the doctrines of the principal English economists from Adam Smith to John Stuart Mill.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. W. B. Scott has at last decided to publish an edition of his collected poems. It will contain a great part of the *Poems by a Painter*, that beautiful and truly original volume that anticipated so much of the spirit of the best later poetry, and will include besides a cycle of esoteric sonnets entitled *Outside the Temple*, and a series of ballads. The book will be illustrated with a large number of etchings by the author and by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and its appearance will probably be one of the most important events of the present publishing season. It is being brought through the press by Messrs. Longmans and Co.

AN interesting manuscript poem on Bacon, being a warm defence of him by a contemporary admirer and friend, written apparently just at the time of his condemnation by the House of Lords, will be added to Mr. Morfill's forthcoming volume of Elizabethan political ballads for the Ballad Society.

MR. J. E. CORNISH, of Manchester, announces for publication a work entitled *Views of Old Manchester*. There are two series of prints, one by Ralston and the other by James, which represent the "Cotton metropolis" of fifty years ago; these have now become so scarce that the market value of a set in good condition is about 10*l.*, and even at that price a set is rarely met with. These views, with the addition of a few more from original drawings by Ralston, will be reproduced in phototype by Mr. A. Brothers. With very rare exceptions, the plates commemorate aspects of Manchester which have passed away never to return.

MESSRS. FARNCOMBE AND CO., of Lewes, announce that they have in the press a Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect by the Rev. W. D. Parish, Vicar of Selmeaton. It will contain upwards of 1,500 words, the use of which will be illustrated by examples from the proverbs, folk-lore, &c., of the country. Thus, under the word *bide*—which is of course known over all England—we have this "Sussex proverbial advice to a young mother:—"

"If ye've got one you can run;  
If ye've got two you may goo;  
But if ye've got three,  
You must *bide* where you be."

It is a pity this work has not been done in connexion with the English Dialect Society. The specimen sent out for subscription contains one great blunder. Shakspeare's "be-sted" is put down as the participle of the verb *best*, to get the best of.

SEÑOR JOSÉ M. PIERNAS Y HURTADO, Professor of Political Economy and Statistics in the University of Oviedo, has just published a study of Cervantes from a new point of view. His booklet is entitled *Ideas y Noticias económicas del Quijote*. It is somewhat novel to view the valorous Knight of La Mancha in the guise of a teacher of the "dismal science."

THE Early English Text Society has reprinted the first part of its prose romance of *Merlin*, from the unique manuscript in the University Library, Cambridge, under the editorship of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, but the part will not be issued till next January.

MR. F. W. COSENS is at work upon a Spanish *Henry VIII.*, to form one of his series of Spanish dramas illustrating Shakspeare's plays.

THE third part of the second edition of Professor Hertzberg's translation of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is nearly ready.

WE have a very encouraging report of the number and zeal of the students of English at Strassburg. Professor Ten Brink is lecturing four times a week on English Grammar, twice a week on Milton's Life and Minor Poems, twice a week on Early English Texts, and twice a week on Corneille's *Cid*. His English lector, Mr. W. White, also has frequent classes in English conversation, composition, Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, &c.

PROFESSOR DELIUS's paper for the next Jahrbuch of the German Shakspeare Society establishes beyond reasonable doubt that the quarto and folio editions of *King Lear* are not, as was formerly considered, two originally distinct texts, but only two different representatives of the same text, so that the readings of the one may be rightly adopted in an edition of the text of the other.

PROFESSOR GUILLAUME GUIZOT, of the Collège de France, in Paris, has been elected a Vice-President of the New Shakspeare Society.

PROFESSOR W. D. WHITNEY, of Yale, has been elected an honorary member of the Philological Society.

THE *Times of India* says that a Parsee lady of Bombay has published a Guzerathi translation of Lord Chesterfield's letters.

THE first volume of Proudhon's correspondence is about to be published by Messrs. Lacroix. The *Temps* reminds us that Sainte-Beuve was the first to call attention to these letters, and to predict that they would be considered the most permanently valuable of the author's works. The whole correspondence will fill at least eight volumes; about 1,800 letters are now in the hands of the editors, and the supply is not yet exhausted. The present volume comprises the period from 1832 to 1842.

THE following Parliamentary papers have appeared during the week:—"Reports of the Inspecting Officers of the Board of Trade upon certain Railway Accidents during June and July, 1874" (price 9*d.*); "Army Medical Department Report for the year 1872" (price 6*s.*); "Legal Departments Commission—Second Report on Administrative Departments of the Courts of Justice" (price 1*s.* 8*d.*); "Turkey, No. 2 (1874)—Correspondence respecting the Ottoman Loans of 1858 and 1862" (price 1*s.* 3*d.*); "Statements and Abstracts of Reports deposited with and accepted by the Board of Trade, under 'The Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870'" (price 6*d.*); "Report of the French Conseil d'Amirauté on the Steering and Sailing Rules (or Rule of the Road at Sea), and other papers relating thereto" (price 8*d.*).

THE *Times* states on the authority of an American paper that the Historical Society of Pennsylvania has recently received from the Hon. Benjamin Rush an original baluster or newel-post from the stairway of the house formerly inhabited by John Milton. Accompanying it is a water-colour sketch of the building, with the following certificate from the hand of Jeremy Bentham:—

"Ao. 1821, August 15. Sketch of a house for some time inhabited by John Milton. It is situated in Westminster, in the street then called Petty France, but, on the occasion of the French Revolutionary War new named York Street, in honour of Franco, and honour of the Duke of York. This sketch was this

day taken from the garden attached to the residence of Jeremy Bentham, into which garden the house has a door, being, under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, his property. From this house August 14, 1821, under the direction of the said Jeremy Bentham, was cut the balustrade pillar, composed of four twisted columns, presented by him, in company with this sketch, to his truly dear and highly respected friend Richard Rush, Envoy Extraordinary to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Witness my hand, JEREMY BENTHAM."

AT a meeting of ratepayers on the 24th inst., the parish of Islington, with over 200,000 inhabitants, declined to form a free public library and museum, to be paid for out of the rates under the Act of 1866. The adoption of the Act was moved by Professor Leone Levi, and seconded by Mr. Chatfield Clarke, of the London School Board; but after two hours' uproar, in which the voices of speakers for and against were pretty impartially drowned, the motion was rejected by 1,435 to 338. The war-cry of the opponents of public education and enlightenment was "No more rates!" and the result is a heavy blow to parochial government in London.

MR. THOMAS HOOD, who died on Friday week, in his thirty-ninth year, was the son of the famous humourist who wrote the "Song of the Shirt." Mr. Hood inherited his father's facility, both with pen and pencil, and had a share of his kindness, geniality, and gaiety. He made his first appearance in literature with the usual book of verses, and became more widely known as the writer of some stories for children. His novels are already entirely forgotten, and he will probably be best remembered as the editor of *Fun*. It must have required no slight administrative ability to secure the success of a cheap comic paper, and however little we may be amused by cheap comic wit, everyone must acknowledge that Mr. Hood's journal has not fallen below the standard of English respectability set by its elder and costlier rival. The number of *Fun* which appeared two days before his death contained marks of Mr. Hood's hand, and it is melancholy indeed to think of the "sick jester" trying to give a humorous account of the contents of the *Contemporary Review* for the month, and cut off in the season of the blossoming of comic annuals.

THE German papers publish large extracts from Professor Mommsen's speech, delivered by him as Rector of the Berlin University. It is chiefly concerned with the proper study of history, and tries to show that no one can be a good historian who is not first of all a good scholar and good jurist. He dissuades young students, while at University, from devoting themselves to special historical studies, and stands up for the purely propaedeutic character of all University teaching. His concluding words are:—

"You have in a German University what is wanted before all things, complete freedom of learning. No formal statute tells you how you are to employ your academic years; no intermediate examination enquires whether and how you have made use of them. No other nation places such confidence in its youth, and hitherto our academic youth has justified that confidence. Let each man then in future also follow his own way; and if the way sometimes leads into thickets or seems to be the wrong way, it has been found oftener than one could have hoped, that different ways lead to the same, and in the end to the right goal. For every man of character his own way is the best, and that is open here to every one of you."

GREAT satisfaction is expressed in the scientific world of Berlin that the Imperial capital has won another of the brightest lights of the University of Heidelberg, through the acceptance by Professor A. Kirchhoff of the post of Director of the Observatory at Potsdam. This eminent physicist is the fourth of its leading University teachers that Heidelberg has had to resign in favour of Berlin within the last four years, Professors Helmholtz and Zeller having exchanged their former chairs in the Baden University for equivalent appoint-

ments in the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Berlin, while Dr. Kirchhoff's earlier colleague, Professor Hermann, has accepted the post of Councillor of the Highest Ecclesiastical Court of the Empire.

HISTORICAL students have long complained of the insecure state of our parish registers. Many have in former days been permitted to perish by damp and neglect, others have strayed away from their lawful keepers, and are now on the shelves of the British Museum and the Bodleian. Others are, it is to be feared, locked up in the libraries of those whom Anthony Wood calls "curious persons." The sale catalogue of the late Mr. John Gough Nichols's library furnishes an instance in point. Lot 336 is thus described:—

"Bedfordshire. Register Booke of all the Burialls in the Parish of Sittlington 1678-1754. Manuscript on vellum."

The same catalogue contains a manuscript life, which seems to be unprinted, of John Lord Belasyse. He was a noteworthy man on the King's side, in the great Civil War. A contemporary biography of him should contain some new facts as to the Northern campaigns.

WE know a good deal about the news-letters which circulated so freely some two centuries ago when newspapers were yet in their infancy, but little has come down about the journalists, if we may so call them, whose business it was to compile these useful materials for future historians. Among the State Papers is an account furnished by William Cotton (himself one of the tribe), when under examination, in October, 1683, of what he knew and believed "concerning those as are writers of news." He gives a somewhat curious catalogue of his colleagues. "Mr. Hancock" is one that has great intelligence both from court and council, on which account it is supposed that some considerable person furnishes him with "very private things;" he has a great number of customers, having been often seen to bring more than thirty letters to the post, from whom he gets considerable prices, some four, some five, some six, pounds a year; he was often heard to boast that it was worth from 100 to 150 pounds a year to him. A second writer, "Mr. Combes," had also great and private intelligence, whose letters were in great request in the country, as he wrote "in a good stile." A third, "Mr. Gay," who wrote only into the country, once "in vapor," said in Cotton's hearing, that he had 16*l.* or 20*l.* a year coming from one county alone. "Mr. Blackhall," on the other hand, served many coffeehouses in town, "Mr. Robinson" gives a good account of things, especially in term time, having been bred to the law. "Pike and Bill" are two that used to go partners in Parliament time, and served abundance of coffeehouses; notwithstanding the coffee men were commanded the previous summer to take in no more written news. Tom's Coffee House in Birch Lane, and several others, were still regularly supplied by this pair. Another variety in the journalist character, not perhaps even yet extinct, is found in "Mr. Claypole," who generally depended upon others for his news, taking no pains to get it, but would "word things well if not in drink." A coffee man in Newgate Street did a little business in the same way by subscribing to Hancock's and Robinson's letters, and manufacturing his own news out of a mixture of the two; three and sixpence a week was the price he paid for Hancock's letter. Cotton concludes his statement with an opinion that some clerks in the Post Office did greater strokes of business in the news-letter line than any of the people he had mentioned.

THE following fact is new, we believe, in the history of ancient forms of punishment, and we make it known the more readily, because the moral of it is equally applicable at the present time. On October 12, 1683, the grand jury of Middlesex made a "presentment" that they found

the many bills which came before them were for assaults and batteries and for the most part among poor people. These offences arose, moreover, from "scolding, backbiting, and reproaching one another," the prevention of which would tend to beget amity and kindness among neighbours, and save the money, which they spent at law, to clothe their families:—

"Wee therefore present as our opinions that the old legall way of a Ducking stole might prevent those quarilings. Shame may doe that which wee find other punishments will not—all which wee submit to this Honorable Court."

#### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

WE understand that it is probable that the route of the new Arctic Expedition about to be despatched by Government will be by way of Smith's Sound. Profiting by previous dearly-bought experience, the Expedition will sail later than previous Expeditions, and will thus give time for the ice to clear out of Baffin's Bay, instead of starting too early and having to battle uselessly for months against its outdrift in early summer. We hear that, as might have been expected, volunteers are very numerous; but great care will necessarily be taken to select both officers and men on the score of efficiency, health, and youth.

Now that it has been decided to organise another Arctic Expedition, we hope, in the interests of science, that a naturalist will be attached to the staff, for both the fauna and flora of the polar regions are but imperfectly known. We might say the same with regard to the survey of the Fiji Islands. It is true that the late Dr. Seemann published the botanical results of his visit to this interesting group, but his materials were exceedingly meagre and imperfect.

THE French Alpine Club held its first general meeting on the 19th of this month. M. Cézanne, its President, opened the sitting by an eulogium on M. Billy, his predecessor, who was killed by an accident on the railway only two days after his nomination. He then proceeded to state that the success of the "Club-Alpin Français," founded on April 2, 1874, has surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The Paris section alone already counted 320 members, and the numbers in the provinces were rapidly increasing. Three interesting papers were read. M. Gamard read an account of his ascent of the Jungfrau, in company with M<sup>me</sup>. Gamard, who last year had ascended Mont Blanc; M. A. Mellot related his ascent, also with his wife, of the Cervin, that lady having twice made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and having this year scaled some of the most difficult peaks of Switzerland; and lastly, M. G. Devin read an account of his ascent of the Barre-des-Ecrins, the highest point of the Pelvoux group, and of his ascent of the Jungfrau and the Cervin.

THE *Journal de Genève* states that the waters of Lake Morat have latterly so diminished as to interrupt the steam navigation, and the same may be said with respect to other Swiss lakes, especially that of Sempach.

ACCORDING to the statement of the New York correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, not less than 8,000,000 acres of wood are annually cleared in the United States, while not more than 10,000 acres are planted every year. It is estimated that Chicago alone consumes the produce of 10,000 acres, and in Wisconsin the yield of 50,000 acres is required to supply the wants of Nebraska and Kansas. Nor are these the only sources of drain, the produce of 12,000,000 acres of wood having been burnt down solely for the purpose of clearing the land.

THE Botanical Museum of the University of Christiania has received a large donation from Brazil, consisting of twenty-six packets with more than 1,000 species of dried South American

plants. The donor is the well-known Swedish botanist, Dr. Regnell, who has spent more than thirty years in Brazil, and who is a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences. He has had a botanical museum erected in Upsala, which is called after him, the Regnellianum, and is constantly making valuable presents to the learned societies of Norway and Sweden.

At last it would seem as if an opening had occurred for the development of the hidden wealth of the Chinese Empire. News has just been received that Li Hung-chang, Governor-General of Chihli (the metropolitan province)—who is probably the most powerful, and at the same time the most energetic, official in China—has resolved to take measures for working the coal and iron mines in his province; and that he has directed a well-known English resident at Tientsin, who is thoroughly acquainted with the mining capabilities of the district, "to proceed to Europe to procure the necessary staff and plant."

A SAN FRANCISCO letter in the *Augsburg Gazette* states that several experiments have been made there with an indigenous plant named *Rhamnus* or *Fragula californica*, the bean of which, when roasted and ground, is extremely like coffee. It is anticipated that the product is likely to become one of great importance. The same letter states that Southern California is now taking a prominent part in the example of industry set by the north. The milder climate is admirably suited for the culture of oranges, lemons, chestnuts, olives, cotton, sugar, and wine, and though the growing of these has commenced but recently, the yield is already sufficient for local purposes. Productive mines of gold, silver, tin, and mercury are also being worked, and naphtha springs exist in abundance. The chief industries in the north of the state are timber-felling and salmon-fishing. In consequence of a million salmon less than usual having been caught in 1873, the attention of the legislature was called to the matter, and a system of conservation is now in force. A company is also in existence with a monopoly in their hands for the trade in skins, a large kind of otter being the animal most sought after for this purpose. The same species frequents the Aleutian islands, Kamtschatka and Alaska, as well as the Japanese coasts, from which latter place, however, twenty enterprising Yankee vessels, in quest of furs and skins, have this year been turned away.

Now that the question of the endowment of research is being made so much a subject of discussion, it may interest our readers to learn the following particulars, which we take from the Swedish *Aftonbladet*. About a month since that newspaper drew attention to an appeal for funds made by the gifted botanist Dr. Berggren, who is at present exploring the fauna of the mountains of New Zealand. It appears that Dr. Berggren has already made some very valuable explorations, first in Spitzbergen in 1868, then in Greenland in 1870, and now has been sent out to New Zealand with a stipend drawn from a sum of money left by a Herr Lettersted for scientific purposes. Dr. Berggren writes that he has had signal success, especially in discovering species closely analogous to the Arctic forms with which he is familiar, but that his means are at an end. An effort made to induce the Government of Canterbury Province to vote him a sum of money was on the point of succeeding, when an economical frenzy took the Lower Legislative House, and the bill was thrown out. *Aftonbladet* laid these facts before its readers. Almost immediately, the proprietors of another newspaper, *Göteborg's Post*, generously forwarded a large sum towards the prosecution of the work, and private funds came in so rapidly that Dr. Berggren will be able to recommence his valuable explorations directly the next mail reaches New Zealand. This zealous response to the demands of science in so poor a country as Sweden does honour to the intelligence of its people.



In a few years we shall possess descriptive works on the vegetation of nearly all of our colonies and dependencies, written in English, and intelligible to any one who has mastered the contents of the most elementary of botanical class books, such as Oliver's *Lessons*. Complete Floras of New Zealand, Hong Kong, and the British West India Islands are in existence, so far as their vegetation is known. Six out of seven volumes on the vast and peculiar flora of Australia have appeared, two on the flora of tropical Africa, and three relating to that of the Cape Colonies. Mr. Bentham will doubtless soon complete his Australian Flora. The Cape Flora was one of the first commenced, but various circumstances have interfered with its progress, and it was for a long time after the death of Dr. Harvey at a standstill. It has now been taken up by Professor Thiselton Dyer. India, whose vegetable productions are of the utmost importance, is also without a general compendium, though this want will probably soon be supplied. The third part, completing the first volume of a comprehensive Flora of British India, edited by Dr. J. D. Hooker, will shortly appear. We understand it will include the rest of the *Thalamiflorae*. Another interesting addition to botanical literature may be expected in Mr. Baker's forthcoming work on the flora of Mauritius. It will include Rodrigues and the Seychelles. From the geographical position of the principal island, and the complete isolation of the smaller ones, we should look for some very distinctive features in the composition of the flora; but in this respect we are rather disappointed. In a measure it forms a connecting link between the vegetation of tropical Asia and tropical Africa, the species common to the latter country preponderating. The number of endemic species is not large, but there is a considerable number peculiar to the group, if we include Madagascar. The palms of Mauritius and the Seychelles are probably the most striking objects of the scenery. Most of the genera represented are restricted to these islands, and they are among the most majestic of a noble family. We need only mention *Verschaffeltia*, *Lodoicea*, *Phoenixophorum*, *Hyophorbe*, and *Lactinia*. Flacourtiaceae are tolerably abundant, and represented by some exceedingly polymorphous species. One of the most remarkable elements in the flora is the tribe *Dombeyaceae* of the Sterculiaceae, the members of which all belong to the Old World, and most of them to the region extending from the island of St. Helena through Africa and Madagascar to Mauritius. A singular fact connected with this tribe is the small geographical area of most of its species. With the exception of a few scattered notes, and Bojer's *Hortus Mauritanicus*, little has been published on the botany of Mauritius. Bojer's work appeared in 1837, and is little more than a catalogue, including moreover the exotic species cultivated in the island. All the new plants Bojer had detected are enumerated, but not described; and his intention to publish the descriptions in a supplement was never carried out, hence it is impossible to identify his names with the plants intended in the absence of authentic specimens, and it happens that many of them do not exist in the herbarium he left behind him. Actually, then, Mr. Baker has to define and describe the species bearing Bojer's names. The whole material available for the work is very scanty, and therefore the Flora will probably not be so exhaustive as could be desired, but it is a beginning.

Nature hears that Mr. Alexander Agassiz has just started on an expedition to South America, with the object of investigating the natural history of Lake Titicaca, and collecting antiquities from the surrounding country for the Peabody Museum.

## SELECTED BOOKS.

## General Literature and Art.

- BLANC, Ch. L'art dans la parure et dans le vêtement. Paris: Benaud. 10 fr.  
DRESDEN GALLERY, THE. Fifty of the finest examples of the Old Masters reproduced in permanent photography. Bickers. 42s.  
DU FAUL, Noël, Œuvres facétieuses de, revues sur les éditions originales, par J. Assézat. T. 2. Paris: Daffis.  
MAURISCHAL, A. A. Les Falences anciennes et modernes, leurs marques et décors. 2<sup>e</sup> édition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée. Paris: Simon.  
SAINT-AMANT, I. de. Môme de Girardin, avec des lettres inédites de Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Mdlle. Rachel. Paris: Plon. 3 fr.  
THOOS, E. Marsden's Numismata Orientalia. Part I. Ancient Indian Weights. Trübner. 8s. 6d.  
WILMOWSKY, J. N. v. Der Don zu Trier in seinen drei Hauptperioden: der Römischen, der Fränkischen, der Romantischen. Trier: Lintz. 3 Thl.

## History.

- ASHER, A. Napoléon I<sup>er</sup> à l'école royale militaire de Brienne, d'après des documents authentiques et inédits, 1779-1784. Paris: Champion.  
CLARETIE, J. Les Derniers Montagnards, histoire de l'insurrection de prairial an III. (1795) d'après les documents originaux. Paris: Poin. 4 fr.  
MARSHAM, Clements, B. A Memoir of the Lady Ana de Osorio, Countess of Chinchon, and Vice-Queen of Peru, 1629-1639. Trübner.  
RUSSELL, Lord. Recollections and Suggestions of Public Life, 1813-1873. Longmans.  
STUART, J. A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary Queen of Scots recovered. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

## Physical Science and Philosophy.

- BASTIAN, A. Schöpfung oder Entstehung. Aphorismen zur Entwicklung des organischen Lebens. Jena: Costenoble.  
FARINA, S. V. La Flora Sicula, ossia manuale delle piante che vegetano nella Sicilia. Turin.  
PROCTOR, E. A. The Transit of Venus. Longmans. 8s. 6d.  
SIMON, E. Les Arachnides de France. T. 1, contenant les familles des opiridae, uloboridae, dictynidae, engoidae, et pholcidae. Paris: Roret. 12 fr.

## Philology.

- BEZENTRENGER, A. Litauische u. lettische Drucke d. 16. Jahrh. I. Der litauische Katechismus vom J. 1547. Göttingen: Peppmüller. 3 Thl.  
KAMPF, S. Z. Phönizische Epigraphik. Die Grabschrift Eschmunars Königs der Sidonier. Prag: Dominicus. 28 Ngr.  
SCHLEICHER'S Compendium of the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-European, Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin Languages. Trans. H. Bendl. Part I. Phonology. Trübner. 7s. 6d.  
TIEBER, J. Ueber die altgriechische Musik in der griechischen Kirche. München: Kaiser. 1 1/2 Thl.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## HERA BOOPIS AND ATHENE GLAUKOPIS.

In reply to Dr. Schliemann's letter in the ACADEMY (Nov. 21), I am not going to enter again on the question whether the splendid ruins which he has brought to light at Hissarlik should be called the ruins of Ilium or not. I know as yet of one Ilium only, that is, the Ilium as sung by Homer. That Ilium is not likely to be found in the trenches of Hissarlik, but rather among the Muses who dwell on Olympus, and who know all things, while we

ἡμεῖς δὲ κλῖος οἶον ἀκούομεν, οὐδὲ τι ἴδμεν.

It would seem, in fact, that on that point Dr. Schliemann does not differ much from other scholars, who maintain that the Ilium of Homer never had any historical reality at all, and who look upon a so-called historical Ilium as a mere guess or a sentimental postulate. Dr. Schliemann asserts that the poet of our *Iliad* lived more than 1,000 years after the events which he describes in his poem, and that the ruins of Ilium lay 20 feet below the surface when Homer visited Beshika Bay. The poet of the Nibelunge lived about 700 years after Attila, and if Homer's Priam was as different from the supposed real Priam as Etzel or Atli is from the real Attila; or if no more historical reality is claimed for Achilles and *Troïas* ἱερὸν παλαιοῦ than for Sigfried and Wormz and Santen, then no more words need be wasted on that question.

What I feel bound to do is to substantiate an assertion of mine, which I made at the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in London, and which I thought required no proof, but which has been questioned by Dr. Schliemann, as well as by other archaeologists, viz. that the word *βοῶπις* means etymologically, and therefore historically, cow-eyed, and not cow-headed, quite as much as *γλαυκῶπις* meant owl-eyed, and not owl-headed. That

the cow was sacred to Hera, and the owl to Athena, has never been denied. But before the discovery of Dr. Schliemann's antiquities, no one, as far as I remember, doubted that *βοῶπις* and *γλαυκῶπις*, whatever their exact meaning might be, predicated something about the eyes, and not about the head; and to me, I confess, it seems as difficult to imagine that *βοῶπις* should ever have meant cow-headed, as that *αἰνυγε* should ever have meant one-headed, even if ever so many one-headed skeletons, statues, or urns should be dug up at Wantage. However, in spite of *γλαυκῶπις*, here is my proof.

Words ending in *ωψ*, *ωπος*, and *ωπις*, have three meanings. They refer, first of all, to the eyes; then to looks in general; lastly, like words ending in *ιδης*, to expression or likeness in general.

I. The meaning of *eyes* is clear in *μυριόπῳς* (Aesch.) with thousand eyes, the same as *μυριόφθαλμος* or *μυριόμματος*. In Sanskrit, *sahasrakṣa*.

*κατωπῳς*, with downcast eyes.  
*μυώπῳς*, blinking, short-sighted.  
*κοιλώπῳς*, fem. *κοιλώπις*, hollow-eyed, like *κοιλόφθαλμος*.

*πολυώπῳς*, many-eyed.

The same word in the sense of "with many holes" (*ωπή*) comes from the same source; cf. *στενωπῳς*.

*ἀστερωπῳς* (*αἰθήρ*), star-eyed.

In all these cases the meaning of head, or even face, would be impossible.

II. We now come to compounds where *ωψ*, or *ωπος* or *ωπις* may be taken in the sense of eyes, but also in the larger meaning of *face* or *expression*.

*ἀγριώπῳς*, with wild eyes, or wild looking (*δύμα*).  
*αἱματώψ* or *αἱματωπῳς*, with bloody eyes, or bloody to behold; cf. *αἱματώδης*.

*γοργώπῳς*, fierce-eyed; *γοργώπις*, Athena; cf. *γοργόφθαλμος*.

*γαλερωπῳς*, with cheerful eyes or countenance.

*καλωπῳς*, with beautiful eyes, or beautiful face, or beautiful in general.

*μαρμαρωπῳς*, with sparkling eyes; but *μαρμαρωπῳς*, turning to stone by a glance, like *λιθοδερκής*.

III. Lastly, there are compounds where *ωψ*, *ωπος*, *ωπις* express *likeness* in general.

*ἀρδενωπῳς*, manly-looking, manly, befitting a man. Possibly *ἐκθροωπῳς*, if for *ἐκθροωπῳς*, though with anomalous accent.

*ἀστερωπῳς*, star-like, as joined with *δύμα*.

*δεινώψ*, terrible-looking, terrible.

*σκυδωπῳς*, angry-looking, angry; joined with *δύμα* and *πρόσωπον*.

*στυγερώπῳς* and *στυγερωπῳς*, horrid looking, horrid.  
*τετατωπῳς*, strange-looking, marvellous; cf. *τετατώδης*.

*μορμωρῳπῳς*, hideous-looking.

*νυκτερωπῳς*, night-like.

*οἰνώψ*, wine-like, deep-red, epithet of the sea in Homer, cf. *πορφύρεος*; afterwards in *οἰνωπῳς*, ruddy, jolly.

*λατρώψ*, bright-looking, *τράπεζα*.

*πυρωπῳς*, fiery-looking, fiery; applied to *κεραυνός* in Aeschylus; *πυρώδης*, applied to *ἀστερωπαί* in Aristophanes.

*φαιδρωπῳς*, bright-eyed, bright-looking, bright; *δύμα*.

*φλογωπῳς*, fiery-looking; *πῦρ*.

*παρθενωπῳς*, of maiden looks, maiden-like, like *παρθενώδης*.

As the *ω* is long in all these compounds, we can hardly place *εὐρύοπα* in the same class, but shall have to translate it "wide shouting," instead of wide seeing," *τηλωπῳς*. This is evidently the meaning assigned to the word by Pindar, in *χορὸς εὐρύοπα κίλυδον φηγύγιμος*. The only other word in which the *ο* is short is *χαρωπῳς*, bright-eyed, fierce-eyed, applied to lions, dogs, but also to the dawn, the moon, and the sea. The exact formation of this word is by no means clear. In Sanskrit *haryakṣa* is used for "lion."

If after this we look at the words *γλαυκῶψ*, *γλαυκῶπις*, *γλαυκῶπις*, we shall not, I think, hesitate in translating them owl-eyed, and *βοῶπις*, cow-eyed, i. e., large-eyed; not either owl-headed or cow-headed. Words are older than any ruins,

and owl-headed vessels, even if 1,000 years older than Homer, are modern things compared with Greek words. Without wishing to detract one tithe from the credit justly due to Dr. Schliemann, it may be well to remind archaeologists that the oldest antiquities of Greece are the words of the Greek languages, particularly those which are *pre-Hellenic*, i.e., shared in common by the principal members of the Aryan family, and that a true etymology which brings us face to face with the first building up of a Greek name, brings us to strata of history, far beyond the reach of any shafts sunk at Hissarlik or Bunarbashi.

MAX MÜLLER.

#### THE BHARHUT SCULPTURES.

38 Clarendon Gardens : Nov. 23, 1874.

I am glad that Dr. Max Müller has drawn attention to the text of the Bharhut inscriptions, and I think it is clear that in some instances General Cunningham's readings require revision. Thus, at p. 111 of the Proceedings we have a yaksha whose name is read as Suviloma, a word which occurs neither in Sanskrit nor in Pali; but if we alter it to Suchiloma, we obtain a proper name well known in Sanskrit literature, and which, moreover, belongs to a yaksha mentioned in the Buddhist scriptures. In Sir M. Coomara Swamy's newly-published *Sutta Nipāta*, an important contribution to Buddhist literature, will be found (p. 75) the translation of a sūtra which takes its name from the yaksha Suchiloma, to whom, in answer to a question, Gautama Buddha recites three religious verses. Though it is not so stated, we may fairly conclude that the yaksha became a convert to Buddhism, and thus obtained a niche in the Bharhut temple of fame.

Again, at p. 115 General Cunningham reads an inscription as *Erapāto nāgarāja Bhagavato vandate*, and translates it "Erapātra the Nāga Rāja worships Buddha." This rendering is quite inadmissible, first because *Bhagavato* is a genitive, while *vandati* governs an accusative; and, secondly, because the Bo tree which the Nāga king is worshipping can by no possibility be called *Bhāgavat*, which is the usual designation of a Buddha. All becomes easy if we supply the word *bodhim*, which has doubtless either become effaced or escaped General Cunningham's notice, and read *Bhagavato bodhim vandati*, "worships the Buddha's Bo tree." I have before me a photograph of this bas-relief. It is executed with great spirit, and is of singular interest, as it gives us what is probably a faithful representation of the famous tree at Buddhagaya, an off-shoot of which still flourishes in Ceylon.

I must say that I do not share Dr. Max Müller's scepticism with regard to the important Jetavana inscription. With two or three trifling emendations it reads as follows:—*Jetavanam Anāthapindiko deti kotisanthathena ketā*. "Anāthapindika presents Jetavana, having become its purchaser for a layer of kotis." I have not the photograph before me, but I suppose it represents both scenes, the purchase of the ground and the gift of the monastery. The only serious difficulty of the inscription is the presence of the letter *e* in the second word. But it is clear that in these inscriptions the symbols for *e* and *i* are not sufficiently distinguished, since General Cunningham in each case reads *vandate* (which is neither Sanskrit nor Pali) for *vandati*; and at p. 113 he has Vijayata for Vejaya, the well-known palace of the Buddhist archangel Sakka. He also reads *Kupiro* (*Kubiro*) for *Kubero*. I, therefore, feel little hesitation in amending *-pediko* to *-pidiko*. The missing *n* is easily restored when we observe how frequently, in the case of a conjunct consonant, one letter of the group is made to do duty for both—e.g., Kassapa for Kassapa, Vejayata for Vejayanta, Kakusadha for Kakusandha. *Ketā* is the correct Pali form of the Sanskrit *krētā*, "purchaser." *Santhata* (*samstrita*) occurs pretty frequently in Pali with the meaning "strewn, spread," and there is no reason why the neuter should not be

used as a synonym of *santhara* (*samstara*). The latter word is often used in the sense of "layer, stratum" (see, for instance, Mahayana, p. 169, *phalikkasanthara*, "a layer of quartz stones"). *Kotisanthathena ketā* would then mean "purchaser for a layer of kotis," and this exactly tallies with the Buddhist narrative, which states that Anāthapindika spread the whole area of the garden with a layer of coins, amounting to 18 kotis, which he handed over to Jeta as the purchase-money (Hardy's *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 219). *Koti* in Pali is sometimes used absolutely for a large sum of money (ten million *kāṣāpas*).

It is impossible to read General Cunningham's most interesting account of these sculptures without a sigh of regret that they should be so far beyond the reach of our inspection. I hear of a proposal to remove them from Bharhut. The scheme carries with it a certain aroma of vandalism (fancy carting away Stonehenge!); but if it should be carried out, is it too much to hope that the sculptures may find their way to the India Office, instead of being consigned to the peaceful oblivion of an Indian museum? R. C. CHILDERS.

#### SPENSERIANA.

1 Oplidans Road, Primrose Hill, N.W.

The important discovery as to the poet Spenser's place of education, made known in the Fourth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, and reported in the ACADEMY for July 4 of this year, makes it probable, though not certain, that Spenser was not only born (see the *Prothalamion*) but bred in London; and so perhaps what I ventured to suggest as to the scene of his early life in the *Memoir* prefixed to the Globe Edition of his works, published in 1869, may require some modification (see p. xviii. of the Globe Spenser), though not necessarily so, if we remember that town and country were not so utterly divorced in the Elizabethan age as now a days. What God made, and what man made, as Cowper has it, were not so utterly put asunder but that a man might enjoy both without performing an amazing pedestrian feat. East Smithfield itself was not wholly unrural then. The fields actually touched it; and the houses did not crowd densely together to make its name a dismal misnomer.

With regard to his connexion with the Merchant Taylors' School, it may, perhaps, be worth noticing that Spenser's choice of St. Barnabas' day for his wedding may indicate a kindly remembrance of his old school life; for that is the great election day at the Merchant Taylors' (Murray's *Handbook of Modern London*). See the *Epithalamion*, the song devoted to the celebration of his own matrimonial bliss:—

"Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,  
And leave your wonted labors for this day.  
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,  
That ye for ever it remember may.  
This day the sunne is in his chiefest height,  
With Barnaby the bright,  
From whence declining daily by degrees,  
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light.  
When once the Crab behind his back he sees."

Also, may it not now be possible to discover who "Wrenock" is, mentioned in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, December? Certainly, lines 37–42 seem to refer to his school days, as what follows to his University career, when he became acquainted with Gabriel Harvey:—

"And for I was in thilke some looser yeares  
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my  
byrth,  
Or I to much beleaved my shepherd peeres),  
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth,  
A good olde Shepheard, Wrenock was his  
name,  
Made me by arte more cunning in the same."

Whether Spenser had visited the North before he went up to Cambridge, or not, the old belief as to his visiting it after he left the University, remains undisturbed. (See *Glosse* to

*Shep. Cal.*, June). Plausible reasons, as is well known, have been alleged for supposing that the particular part of the North visited was in the neighbourhood of Burnley in East Lancashire (see the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1842). Probably to those reasons something might be added by a careful study of the language of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. It is to be hoped that Mr. T. T. Wilkinson, who in 1867 read an interesting paper on this subject before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, will be encouraged to undertake a more minute investigation. Many of the words he quotes in his list of 1867 are of too general occurrence to be of value in localising the poem; such words, for instance, as *kirk*, *gate* (a road), *wood* (mad), *latch*, *gar* (compel), &c., &c.; and of no word is it shown that it is distinctively East Lancashire. I will only add on this point that, if Spenser passed all his youth in the South country, it is not likely that he writes with complete accuracy the dialect he attempts. His Old English is notoriously faulty; and so probably is the language of his *Bucolics*. A Greek brought up at Athens would be liable to trip in his Doric, if he took to writing in the manner of Theokritos when some six Olympiads old.

Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax, who first suggested that the neighbourhood of Burnley was the cradle of the poet's race, was of opinion that Hurstwood was the chief seat of the family, but that the branch to which the author of the *Faerie Queene* immediately belonged, was settled on a little property still called "The Spensers," near Filly Close, two or three miles to the north of Burnley. Such was his theory; but his practice seems to have been scarcely consistent with it. For he took up his quarters in a house not near Filly Close, but at Hurstwood, and has given currency to a tradition that it was there the poet's own people lived. And the house is now becoming known as "the poet's house," and people travel from far to see it. And no doubt soon, if only the soil and climate allow, a mulberry tree planted by Spenser will be pointed out; for, according to the popular fancy, planting mulberry trees was the chief avocation of our great poets. The house is not the principal one in the hamlet—not Hurstwood itself, for that was built for "Barnardus Townley et Agnes uxor ejus," as an inscription over the door sets forth; but a house of smaller dimensions, some few yards to the west of the abode of the Townleys. As the tradition of its being the poet's is now, as I have said, prevailing, and is sure in a few years to be quoted by some biographer as evidence on the question, I wish here to record that it is, in fact, of altogether modern growth. In a recent visit to Hurstwood, a friend and I tried to discover the time of its origin, and found that beyond all question it dates from Mr. F. C. Spenser's visit a generation ago. We interviewed the three oldest inhabitants we could hear of—they were all said to be eighty-four—that seems the fashionable age with the ancients of Hurstwood—and could find no trace of the Spenser legend in the memories of their earlier life. But our most decisive witness was the present tenant of the house in question, a thoroughly intelligent and clear-headed man, whose father lived there before him. He remembered Mr. F. C. Spenser's visit, and was quite positive that it was during that visit his father and he first heard of the honour their mansion might boast. Such traditions so easily take root. I remember once being assured at Middlewich, in Cheshire, by a man who looked incalculably old, that in the house where he dwelt, John Milton, the poet, "came a-courting." It was an old lath-and-plaster house, inscribed with the names of Edward and Prudence Minshall, and of Hvon and Marie and John Minshall; and from this inscription had sprung the story. Some one with a little learning, with enough learning to know that Milton's third wife was named Minshall, but not enough to know that she hailed from Nantwich or thereabouts, had leapt to a wrong conclusion; and the popular mind, regard-



ing a formal "courting" as a necessary preliminary to a marriage, had added a detail of its own, and brought the then blind and feeble poet down in person into Cheshire a-wooing. In this case also the author of the legend might, I believe, be satisfactorily discovered. Hurstwood is only some three or four miles from Filly Close, so that it may be described as in Spenser's country, and, as the chief seat of his family, be believed to have been often visited by him; but there seems no reason for identifying it with his own home.

The great natural feature of the district is Pendle Hill. Both at Hurstwood and at Filly Close it is lord of all. Filly Close, indeed, stands in the "forest" on the south-eastern descent. One interest attaching to this mountain that recalls the poetry of Spenser is that it was the great gathering-place of witches—"the great locale," saith Murray, "of the saturnalia of Lancashire witches"—the Brocken of Old England. Several hundreds of these poor creatures were brought to trial and burnt in the early years of the seventeenth century. His native country may well have furnished Spenser with some hints for the pictures he draws of such beings. The original of the following sketch may have been some actual scene in Pendle Forest:—

"There in a gloomy hollow glen she [Florimel] found

A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes  
In homely wize and wald with sods around;  
In which a witch did well, in loathly weedes;  
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;  
So choosing solitarie to abide  
Far from all neighbours that her divelish deedes  
And hellish arts from people she might hide,  
And hurt far off unknowne whom ever she envide."

*Fairie Queene*, III., vii. 6.

And there are other passages of a like origin possibly. Duessa herself may have been a Lancashire witch to begin with.

That Rosalind was a Lancashire witch in the modern sense, there can be little doubt. Helps towards her identification are that she was "the widdowes daughter of the glenne;" that the poet first met her in some "neighbour town;" that her name "Rosalinde" is "a feigned name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse whom by that name he coloureth;" (See *Shep. Cal.*, *April* and *Januarie*, and the *Glosses*.) Suppose her Christian name to be Eliza, could the name of Nord, or any other combination of the four remaining letters, be found in any local register or document? Then perhaps we might discover who was the happy Menalcas who supplanted the poet. (See *Argument to Shep. Cal.*, *June*.) Perhaps she was wise in her generation; for Spenser, late of Pembroke, Cambridge, must have cut a poor figure in those days of his life, waiting wearily for something to turn up, with nothing that could be called his own save a few manuscripts, which I dare say Miss Rosalind could not read. Those who think she was a sister of Daniel the poet must ignore the evidence that connects her with the North Country, for the Daniels were of Somersetshire. One may plausibly believe that "the neighbour town" was Burnley; for he does not use "town" here in the old sense—in the sense, for instance, of Chaucer's *Prologue*, l. 478 ("a pore Persoun of a town")—but evidently he is thinking of Vergil's "urbs" in the *Eclogues*, as i. 20 and 34, viii. 68, &c.; and the "to see" is significant.

"A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower  
Wherein I longed the neighbour towne to see,  
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stowre  
Wherein I sawre so fayre a sight as shee;  
Yet all for naught; such sight hath bred my bane.  
Ah God! that love should breede both joy and payne."

However these things may be, it is certain that he was deeply smitten with her beauty. Fifteen years afterwards the vision of her still haunted him. It was with him in his castle of Kilcolman,

and his heart was as tender towards her as ever, so that he would not hear a word said in her disparagement (see the conclusion of *Colin Clouts come home again*).

The Registers of St. Peter's, Burnley, abound under all the three heads, in entries relating to Spensers. The only one that, in the course of a hasty examination, struck us of possibly immediate importance to the poet, was that of the burial of an Edmund Spenser, November 9, 1577—an entry seemingly overlooked by Mr. F. C. Spenser, if Craik reports him accurately in his *Spenser and his Poetry*, i. 12, ed. 1845. If this was the poet's father, how well it would agree with the poet being then in the North, and also with his leaving it so soon after.

J. W. HALES.

*The EDITOR will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.*

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, NOV. 28,	3 p.m.	Crystal Palace Concert (Handel's <i>L'Allegro</i> ).
	"	Saturday Popular Concert (St. James's Hall).
	3.45 p.m.	Royal Botanic.
MONDAY, NOV. 30,	8 p.m.	Royal Albert Hall—Popular Night (Sims Reeves).
	4 p.m.	Royal: Anniversary.
	7 p.m.	Actuaries.
	8 p.m.	British Architects. Medical.
	"	Monday Popular Concert (St. James's Hall)—last time of Billow.
TUESDAY, DEC. 1,	"	Royal Albert Hall—Ballad Night.
	2 p.m.	Horticultural.
	7 p.m.	Scriptors of England.
	8 p.m.	Civil Engineers. Pathological.
	"	Royal Albert Hall—English Night (Barnett's P.F. Concerto).
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 2,	8.30 p.m.	Zoological.
	"	Biblical Archaeology: M. Naville on "A Mythological Inscription in the Tomb of Seti I.;" Dr. Birch on "The Inscription of Harhemehel in the Turin Museum."
	1 p.m.	Sale by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson of the Library of the late Bryan Walter Proctor, Esq.
	8 p.m.	Microscopical. Geological. Pharmacological. Obstetrical.
	"	Society of Arts.
	"	Royal Albert Hall—Beethoven Night (Billow).
	8 p.m.	Chemical. Linnæan.
	"	Inventors' Institute.
	8.30 p.m.	Royal Albert Hall ( <i>Eljah</i> ).
	"	Antiquaries.
THURSDAY, DEC. 3,	1 p.m.	Sale by Messrs. Sotheby and Co. of the Library of the late J. G. Nichols, Esq.
	4 p.m.	Archæological Institute.
	8 p.m.	Geologists' Association.
	"	Philological: Mr. J. E. Stanford on "Foreign Words imported without change into English."
	"	Royal Albert Hall—Schumann's Concerto, Selection, Tannhäuser.
FRIDAY, DEC. 4,	1 p.m.	Sale by Messrs. Sotheby and Co. of the Library of the late J. G. Nichols, Esq.
	4 p.m.	Archæological Institute.

#### SCIENCE.

*Alpine Plants: Figures and Descriptions of some of the most striking and beautiful of the Alpine Flowers.* Edited by David Wooster, F.R.H.S. Second Series. (London: George Bell & Sons, 1874.)

THE fact that this volume has been preceded by a similar one is, no doubt, to some extent a proof that books of this kind meet with the approval of a sufficiently large public. They cannot, therefore, be judged by an absolute standard, and the criticisms which they suggest must be borne both by those who buy as well as by those who produce them. Perhaps the worst that is to be said is that notwithstanding the fact stated on the title-page that the editor is assistant-secretary to the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction, the present work is quite destitute of any scientific value. It is free

from any conspicuous blunders, but the text is written entirely from an amateur point of view, and cannot be looked upon in any way as authoritative. Moggridge's *Flora of Mentone* is a good instance of the undoubted feasibility of, at any rate in this matter, making the best of both worlds. Its thoroughly competent execution makes it useful to the professed botanist, while what may be called its decorative aspect is not in the least curtailed. The fact is that it is impossible not to regret that the expenditure of energy and capital which books like Mr. Wooster's must needs require does not result in a higher standard being reached. Very little more thought and labour might make a work of this kind a thing of some permanent value, instead of a merely ephemeral ornament to the drawing-room table.

Taking the book on its merits, a good deal must be said in favour of the fifty-four coloured plates. The illustrations, of course, often suffer from the flatness and hardness inseparable from the mechanical processes of chromo-lithography. But the drawing frequently shows a great deal of genuine appreciation of what one may call the sentiment of plant form. The least successful plates are those on which figures of more than one species are given. The specimens drawn are often badly juxtaposed as regards effect of colour and scrappy in dimensions. A great deal of the beauty of a small plant arises from the feeling of "composition" which it suggests, taken as a whole. If a "top" of a flowering shoot is figured, there is a painful sense of its being suspended in space without a *raison d'être*. The whole thing looks as unhappy as an architectural detail in a textbook. A much more satisfactory result would have been attained in every way by associating on the same plate different species of the same genus.

Turning over the plates, even the unbotanical reader will feel, without quite knowing how to explain it, a sense of incongruity. This detects Mr. Wooster in what is perhaps the most serious fault to be found with him—that of including amongst his alpine plants a great number that are not alpine at all. Differing as widely as alpine plants do from one another, they are all tuned as it were to the same key, and if anyone will look at plate xxxix., where Mr. Wooster has quietly figured a pretty bulb from the dry plains of the Cape side by side with a genuine alpine saxifrage, it will be pretty evident what a manifest thing a floral discord really is. In point of fact, Mr. Wooster's Alps include any spot of the earth's surface between the equator and the poles, the sea-level and the snow-line—anywhere indeed where plants of herbaceous habit and conspicuous flowers find themselves at home. Thus he gives us the South American genera *Nierembergia* and *Calandrinia*, *Saponaria ocymoides* and *Astragalus monspessulanus* from the south of Europe, and *Scilla sibirica* which—its name notwithstanding—is a native of Persia and Asia Minor. But the boldest demand Mr. Wooster has made on the ignorance of his readers is in the case of one of the most successful of his plates—that of the curious *Trichinium Manglesi* from the Swan River. He is candid enough to speak of this as a greenhouse plant; but if we

could really bring home to such consciousness as the plant may possess the place Mr. Wooster thinks it best fitted for in nature, we should certainly soon possess a pale-flowered variety. It is quite as surprising, to anyone who knows the Thames-side meadows about Oxford, to come on *Fritillaria Meleagris* (badly figured from an abnormal specimen) amongst a supposed alpine flora. W. T. THISELTON DYER.

#### RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO BASQUE PHILOLOGY.

*Remarques sur les Noms de Lieux du Pays Basque.* Par M. Luchaire. (Pau: Vignancourt, 1874.)

*La Question Ibérienne.* Par Julien Vinson. (Paris: Maisonneuve, 1874.)

*La Langue Ibérienne et la Langue Basque.* Par M. W. van Eys. ("Revue de Linguistique." Juillet, 1874.)

THE first two works on our list are "extrait des Mémoires du Congrès Scientifique de France, Session de 1873, à Pau." That by M. Luchaire is, perhaps, the earliest attempt at a rigorously scientific explanation of local suffixes in Basque. The various changes of these local names are first considered, and the most ancient forms established. Then the local suffixes are examined in order, according as they begin with a vowel, or with a labial, palatal, sibilant, nasal, or vibrant consonant. The author lays down five rules or qualifications as necessary to the work:—(1) To possess at least an elementary knowledge of Basque grammar and phonetic laws; (2) To compare the modern Basque name with the most ancient form preserved; (3) To compare the nomenclature of the French and Spanish Basque countries; (4) To propose only evident etymologies, or those suggested by the physical character of the localities; (5) To observe the laws of common sense in these interpretations. In addition to these we would suggest a sixth; viz., to compare these suffixes with those of other languages besides the French. We suggest this last rule, because it is impossible not to remark how much the poverty of the French language in local terminology has hampered the author in his work. Thus, we have upwards of twenty of these suffixes translated "lieu de." This robs the essay of a great deal of the picturesque descriptive grace that might have enlivened it, and makes it far more dreary reading than it might otherwise have been. We will give a few examples to show our meaning. The suffix "Egui," or "hegui," we are told signifies "bord, extrémité d'une chose, lisière d'un bois, côté d'une montagne." Yet "Hegui-courria" is translated "la montagne blanche," "Hegui-luce," "montagne longue." "Montagne" is far too general a term; surely something like "crest, ridge, head, cap, peak, side, or end," would be better. So "Oyer-egui," "lieu du bois," might be wood-end or woodside. "Biscarr-egui," "lieu de la colline," "Hill-side." The particular epithet would, of course, be determined by an application of rule four to the physical features of the spot. So with the popular suffix "eta" in Spanish, "ette" in French Basque, like our Hollies, Elms,

Ferns, etc., we feel confident that an examination of the locality would in all cases show some reason for this plural suffix in words like "Subi-cabal-eta," translated "lieu du grand pont"—it may perhaps refer to an unusual number of arches; in "zubi-eta," "lieu du pont," perhaps to a succession of bridges destroyed either by war or flood, as has been so often the case in the Basque countries. Thus, too, some of the many suffixes signifying "abundance," if conjoined with names of trees, might be translated Oak-hill, Beech-vale, Birch-moor, Ashfield, according to the locality, instead of "lieu planté d'ifs," etc., and other names like our Fullford, Richmond, etc. On p. 24, "tari," "trā," "dun," are well translated by the French "eux," "euse," as in "pierreux," "euse," like our own "Stony Stratford." We do not at all wish by the above remarks to depreciate the more valuable and thoroughly scientific method followed by M. Luchaire of treating these suffixes according to their phonetic values; but only to suggest that by studying the physical features of each spot, and by carrying his analysis farther, he may arrive at still more satisfactory results. The present essay shows how capable he is of doing this, and we prefer, therefore, to look on it as a tentative and not a final one.

In general, M. Luchaire is scrupulous in giving full reference to his authorities; but by some accident none is given to the *Dictionnaire Topographique du Département des Basses-Pyrénées*, par M. Paul Raymond—a work which is indispensable to the student of Basque toponymy, and without which M. Luchaire's mémoire could hardly have been accomplished. We mention this, because the work is absolutely necessary to all who may wish either to control the present investigations, or to pursue them farther.

The other two essays on our list are alike in showing a growing tendency, lately revived by M. Bladé in his *Etudes sur l'Origine des Basques*, to dispute the conclusions of W. von Humboldt in his *Prüfung der Untersuchungen über die Urbewohner Hispaniens* (Berlin, 1821). M. van Eys attacks Humboldt's hypothesis more boldly; M. Vinson, with more reserve. It seems to us that a great deal of the opposition to Humboldt's conclusions arises from not observing the difference of the conditions of two very different problems. The problem which Humboldt, following Larramendi, Astarloa, Erro, and others, set himself to solve is, What is the original language of certain names in Spain, which we find in a Greek and Latin dress in classical itineraries, geographers, historians? The other problem is, What is the language of the so-called Iberian or Celtiberian inscriptions and numismatic legends? These two questions, it seems to us, are often confounded, as if they must stand or fall together; whereas they are wholly distinct. The question we have to ask ourselves in solving the one is, How would a Greek or Latin author probably have written such and such a Basque word? In the second case, "Do these characters represent the Basque language in its original alphabet?" In the first case it is sufficient that the word in the Itineraries should accord with Greek or Latin phonetic laws in its supposed tran-

scription; it is by no means necessary that, in its foreign dress, it should exactly follow in every letter Basque phonetic laws. In the second case, the words, if Basque, must necessarily follow the laws of Basque phonetics.

1. To give a few examples of our meaning: "Iri-berri" in modern Basque is clearly, Newtown; or rather, "Ville-neuve." How would Ptolemy, Pliny, Mela, and Strabo probably have written this word had they met with it; bearing in mind that the three last complain of the difficulty of representing Basque names in Greek and Latin? (Mela *de Situ Orbis*, lib. iii. cap. 1; Strabo iii. 3; Pliny i., xi. and xiv.). We find the names of two towns written respectively, Illiberis (Ἰλλίβερις, Ptol.; Illiberi, Pliny), and Illiberis or Illiberris (Ἰλλίβερις). Are these possible or probable representations of the Basque word? On this M. van Eys observes, p. 7: "Il est vrai que l'est quelquefois pour r; mais *ili* ne se trouve jamais, autant que nous sachions, pour *iri*." Perhaps not in Basque phonetics, but that is not the question, but whether Greek or Latin authors would have represented the Basque Iri by the Greek and Latin Ἰλλί, Ἰλλί, and have written "Illiberis," etc., for "Iri-berri"?

Humboldt remarks on the names of many rivers, and towns near streams, or near the sea, compounded with "Ur," water. "Ur," generally appearing as "Ur," but sometimes, according to Humboldt, as "ul," like "ili" for "iri." On this Van Eys: "Humboldt veut identifier 'ula' avec 'ura,' eau. 'Ur,' eau, ne se rencontre jamais comme 'ul.' Dans les composés le r se perd toujours." The first of these assertions may be true in Basque; but not necessarily so in a Greek or Latin transcription. The last must be a slip. It is better in his Dictionary, *sub voce* "Ur," p. 356: "Dans les noms composés le r se perd presque toujours." But even this is hardly correct in toponymy. In the Pays Basque there are at least a dozen streams, besides other names, beginning with Ur, e.g. twice Ur-handia, Deep-water, and at least four in Guipuzcoa, with probably proportionally as many more in the other provinces. So that Humboldt was fully warranted in considering the many names of streams in Spain beginning with "Ur," as *primâ facie* Basque. Again, take a common word like "Mendi-gorria," Red-hill. How would this be represented in Greek, remembering that in Basque the syllable "gor" is short, and the stress of the voice falls on the "i" in "ia;" "gorri," too, in the Latin charters is often written "gur," e.g., Baigorri is thrice written with "gur," in 980, 1168, and 1186 A.D.? We find a town named Mendiculeia among the Illegetes, and again in Lusitania; for the last the MSS. of Ptolemy give two readings, Μενδικουληα and Μενδικουλλια, with the same change as above of r into l. If an examination of the sites of either of these towns should discover a "red-hill," we should feel much inclined to accept this as a transcription of the Basque word. So, to deal with suffixes, the Spanish Basque "aga," or French "ague," might surely be represented by the Latin "aca." Take the word Olabiaga (Biscay), Orabiague (Labourd). O and U are constantly inter-



changed, not only in the different modern dialects, but also in the Latin charters in the same word: thus we find *Ordios* written four times *Urdios* in the charters, and only once *Ordios*. May not then *Olabiaga* and *Ora-biague* be fairly represented in classical Latin by *Urbiaca*, a town in the *Tarraconensis*? In the same way, we think the common termination "itz" (in the charters "iz") may be expressed in classical Latin by "issa"—e. g., *Iturissa*, *Carissa*—the last in *Baetica*, where the modern Spanish "*Carixa*" seems to recall the still more ancient name. Space warns us to close our citations, which we give as examples only. Humboldt's lists could be much extended now that our materials for the study of the Basque language and toponymy are so greatly augmented. We have, it seems to us, no right to expect a much greater amount of literal accuracy in the Greek and Latin transcription of Basque names than we find in French, German, and English transcription of Oriental names. Even a word like *Punjab*, of whose meaning there is no doubt, is written *Punjab*, *Pendjab*, and *Pandschab*, in English, French, and German atlases, besides innumerable variations. We have no more right to demand an explanation of all these ancient local names than we have to demand an explanation of all modern Basque names. It is in trying to do with these ancient names what cannot be done with modern Basque that Humboldt has gone astray, but not so far as to affect his main argument. As M. Vinson so well observes in page 10 of his Essay:—

"Il se trouve que, précisément, l'explication des noms de lieux est ce qu'il y a de plus difficile en basque moderne, où beaucoup d'entre eux, qui échappent à l'analyse, sont relativement très-anciens et représentent un état de l'euscarien sensiblement différent de l'état actuel."

2. The second problem is quite different from this. The so-called Iberian inscriptions are supposed to be written in characters which represent the sounds of the Basque language more closely than any modern alphabet, and consequently should exactly follow the phonetic system of the *Escuara*. Here we agree with MM. Vinson and Van Eys that no interpretation of these inscriptions, either by Boudard, Saulcy, Phillips, or Heiss, to say nothing of earlier attempts, has yet proved either that the alphabet has been rightly read, or that the language is ancient Basque. This last hypothesis, which is generally taken for granted, has yet to be proved.

A cursory examination of the works of Heiss, Boudard, and others, and a comparison of the inscriptions with the Karian alphabet, and also with one entitled "*Letras Góticas Runas*," traces of which seem to be found in Spanish MS. orthography as late as the eleventh century (cf. *Ortografía de la Lengua Castellana* of the Spanish Academy; various edit., Madrid, 1784-1808), has led us to conjecture whether there be not more than one alphabet (of which that of the Castellon inscription is the oldest) on these coins and inscriptions, or, if only one, whether it be not in a state of progressive degradation till finally lost by a process of mixture and absorption with the ordinary Roman alphabet. If our conjecture be right,

the mode of interpretation would then be to work upwards from the latest MSS. and inscriptions in which these characters are found mingled with the ordinary ones. The value of the letters thus mixed is generally apparent. Dare we warn investigators not to be too eager in translating the numismatic legends thus read? These would probably be names of places or persons, and how many of such are of most doubtful interpretation, even in Modern Basque, we have remarked above; rather let them first study the affixes and suffixes, and phonetic laws of these inscriptions, and be content to interpret afterwards.

We have little space for the thoughtful and philosophic essay of M. Vinson. Its conclusions are mainly negative, but are hardly less valuable on that account. He shows that although the Basque is clearly to be classed among agglutinative languages (p. 5), no close connexion with any one such language has yet been established (p. 6.) He does not even think any answer possible in the present state of Basque studies to the question whether Basques and Iberians are the same people, or Basque and Iberian the same language (p. 13).

This hesitation in one of the most scientific and best-informed of Basque scholars may astonish some of our readers; but we believe this reticence to be fully warranted. Only, as we have tried to show above, the facts to which Humboldt called the attention of European scholars do not depend on the identification of Basque with Iberian either in language or ethnology. They may be, if supplemented, a step towards it, but the method of proof is entirely independent. Whatever language the so-called Iberian inscriptions may turn out to be, that fact would not disprove the presence of Basque local names, still capable of identification under a Greek and Latin dress, in parts of Spain and Southern France, whence this people has long since been driven or withdrawn.

Besides the essay of M. Van Eys treated of above, the *Revue de Linguistique* for July contains a paper by Dr. E. Martin, in which he endeavours to form a correct estimate of the scientific value of Chinese philosophy and discovery. The next most important articles are two by M. Vinson: one, on the word "Tamoul;" the other, a review of Van Eys' *Dictionnaire Basque-Français*.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

*Function of the Optic Thalami.*—Professor Nothnagel, of Freyburg, in a recent number of the *Centralblatt*, states as the result of a large number of experiments he has performed upon rabbits—1. That the optic thalami have nothing to do with the nerves destined to produce voluntary movements. 2. That no disturbance of the sensitiveness of the skin can be demonstrated after their extirpation. 3. They appear to have a definite relation to the muscular sense.

*Elastic Tissue in the Bones.*—At a late meeting of the Société de Biologie, reported in the *Gazette Médicale de Paris*, Nov. 7, 1874, M. Renault read a paper on this subject in which he stated that if a longitudinal section be made of the tibia of a bird, and the section be treated with absolute alcohol, then with picric acid to decalcify it, and be finally coloured with picrocarminate of ammonia,

a good idea will be obtained of the special structure this bone presents. It may then be seen that it is composed of two parts: the first, internal, is formed of trabeculae, the general direction of which is given by the system of arciform fibres proceeding from the periosteum, and which forms the entire bone in the embryo; the second, external, is only represented in the embryo by the periosteum itself, and in the adult consists of longitudinal fibres parallel to one another. These fibres are composed of modified connective tissue, they form nearly the whole outer part of the bone, and becoming attenuated group themselves longitudinally around the Haversian canals. These are the fibres of Sharpey. Among these fibres are others consisting of long and very delicate highly refractile filaments, staining bright yellow with picric acid, and resisting the action of caustic soda and potash at 105° Fahr. In transverse sections they occupy the external part of the bone which M. Renault proposes to name the *téti fibre-élastique*, and do not penetrate into the spongy portion. Every section of a fibre of Sharpey in the outer portion of this zone is surrounded by a number of small glittering points, each of which represents the section of an elastic fibre.

*The Means of distinguishing Real from Apparent Death.*—A memoir has just been published by M. le Dr. Ange-Monteverdi on a simple, easy, prompt, and certain method of distinguishing real from apparent death. The point is not always quite so easy to determine as might at first sight appear, and there have been various well-authenticated instances of premature burial. The plan suggested by Dr. Monteverdi consists in the subcutaneous injection of a small quantity of liquor ammoniac—the strength of which should be considerable (sp. gr. 0.92). When injected into the living body, even during the last hours of life, ammonia causes the appearance of a spot of a deep red or purple colour which forms more or less quickly according to the rapidity of the circulation. If the fluid be injected after death, no change in the colour, or only a darkening of the natural colour of the skin, is produced. If injected into a person in perfect health, a severe burning pain is experienced, and a small blister rises in the centre of the spot. No harm beyond the formation of a small eschar appears to result from the injection, and all traces vanish in the course of a fortnight. M. Monteverdi appends six coloured oleographs, which exhibit very clearly the different effects produced by the injection, twelve, ten, five, &c., hours before death, and shortly after death. It seems to be a sign which, being founded on a physiological basis, may be fairly trusted, and might prove serviceable in a doubtful case.

*Spontaneous Combustion.*—At the séance of the Société de Chirurgie de Paris (October 21, 1874) a paper by M. Chassaingol, of Brest, was read on this subject. The question of spontaneous combustion was broached for the first time in 1692, and various French authors have accepted it as a possibility. The Germans, however, as Casper and others, have denied it. M. de Chassaingol has attempted a careful revision of all the cases recorded, and finds that no medical man nor any one whose statements are worthy of credit has ever observed the phenomenon at first hand. Many authors declare that the human body burns with a blue flame and the production of an empyreumatic odour, and it has been imagined that the alcohol with which the tissues of drunkards are saturated might catch fire: but facts are stubborn things; the flesh of drunkards does not appear to be more inflammable than others after death, and even when it has been soaked for several days in alcohol it burns with difficulty. Again, after injection made into the veins of animals, as of dogs, it was found impossible to effect their combustion. Others have suggested that inflammable gases might be generated, but this also is unproved, and, on the whole, M. de Chassaingol decides against the possibility of its occurrence.

**Colouring Matter of the Blood.**—At the *séance* of the Académie des Sciences de Paris (Oct. 19, 1874), a paper by MM. Paquelin and Jolly was read in regard to the composition of the blood corpuscles, in which the authors believe they have established the following points:—1. That the iron of the blood corpuscles exists in the state of the tribasic phosphate of the peroxide. 2. That haematosine does not contain iron, as has been already stated by M. Chevreul; it is to be noted, however, that the composition of this colouring material differs according to the nature of the solvent used for its extraction, and that it has probably not hitherto been obtained in a state of purity. MM. Paquelin and Jolly have arrived at the conclusion that haematosine contains no iron, from the circumstance that the blood corpuscles submitted to maceration in alcohol rendered alkaline by ammonia, and submitted to a series of filtrations and distillations, furnish an impure haematosine, which becomes less and less rich in iron with each operation, containing after four such proceedings scarcely a trace of the metal.

**Cause of the Change of Colour of the Chameleon.**—At the last meeting of the Société de Biologie de Paris (October 14, 1874), M. Paul Bert read a paper on the cause and mechanism of the change of colour in the chameleon. The natural or ordinary colour of this saurian is deep bottle-green, which changes to bright green, and then to bright yellow. The cause is to be sought in the nervous system. If the sciatic nerve be divided on the left side, the leg on this side assumes its deepest and most sombre green hue, whilst that of the opposite leg brightens. The nerves implicated in this change descend directly from the encephalon, and follow the same course as the motor nerves. For if the chameleon be poisoned with woorara it becomes black, and if it be chloroformed it becomes bright; and if pushing the experiment farther it be killed with chloroform, it becomes again black. On removing the two halves of the encephalon, leaving the nucleus, it changes colour and becomes black. If one hemisphere be left, one side remains bright whilst the other darkens. There are, consequently, nerves which may be termed "colouring," springing from the nucleus of the encephalon, the action of which is restrained or inhibited by the two hemispheres, and which give more or less vividness to the tints displayed by the animal. The mechanism of these changes has been explained by MM. Edwards and Pouchet. Under the skin are vesicles filled with pigment, which give off processes that interlace in all directions. At the will of the animal the pigment is collected in the vesicles, and the colour of the skin then brightens; when the pigment becomes redistributed in the network, the colour darkens. M. Paul Bert has remarked that light excites the colouration of the chameleon. If the animal be surprised in sleep, the side exposed to light is bright; that turned away from the light is dark. This curious state remains as long as the animal sleeps, but disappears on waking, the skin then becoming everywhere bright.

**The Star Cluster in Sobieski's Shield.**—In the years 1869 and 1870 Professor Helmer, at the Hamburg Observatory, determined the positions of some two hundred stars belonging to the cluster in Sobieski's Shield. This cluster, which was discovered by Kirch in 1681, was carefully observed by Dr. Lamont at Munich between 1836 and 1839, and the places of about 150 stars in its most condensed part were then fixed with considerable accuracy for comparison with subsequent observations. These Professor Helmer has now made after the lapse of more than thirty years, so that if any change has occurred, and especially if there has been any condensation going on, it ought to be clearly shown by comparing the two sets of measures. The two series, however, agree so closely, that the second set may be looked upon simply as a verification of the first—a result which, though disappointing with respect to the

object in view, must yet be gratifying to both the observers concerned, as evidence of the accuracy of the measures. Two charts present at a glance the results of the two determinations, the only noticeable difference being that Professor Helmer has included many more outlying stars in his area of operations.

**Sun Spots.**—Dr. Rudolf Wolf, of Zürich, has published No. xxxvi. of his *Astronomische Mittheilungen*, devoted entirely to the subject of sun spots. Besides a discussion of the numbers of sun spots observed in 1873, of which a record was obtained on 363 days out of the 365, by his own observations, supplemented by a few at other places, and of the magnetic declination and its disturbances at Christiania, Munich, and Prague, as dependent on sun-spots, there is given a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the literature of this subject, in which we find an abstract made by Mr. Ranyard of Pastorf's celebrated observations from 1819 to 1833, the MS. of which was presented by Sir John Herschel to the Royal Astronomical Society.

**A New Table of Logarithms to Twelve Places.**—A valuable present has been made to the Royal Astronomical Society, in the shape of a MS. table of logarithms of numbers to twelve places of decimals, of which Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher gives an account in the *Monthly Notices*. These tables, it appears, were computed by Mr. Thomson, an accountant of Greenock, in his intervals of leisure, and are a rare monument of persevering industry. Their great merit consists in their having apparently been calculated throughout in entire independence of the results of previous computers, so that they furnish a most valuable check on the earlier tables, some errors in which have been detected by a comparison with them. The labour required for this work must have been very great, there being only two tables of equal extent in existence, the *Tables du Cadastre* and Mr. Sang's tables, and these, it is to be remarked, are only in MS. and not generally accessible. It is to be regretted that the expense of printing such a work, coupled with the limited demand, should prevent its publication, and it seems hardly too much to hope that Government may some day be induced to grant the moderate sum required for a table of ten-figure logarithms, which is now most urgently wanted, and which would, in Mr. Glaisher's opinion, satisfy the wants of the present generation. The use made of such tables is not to be measured on commercial principles by the number of copies required, but rather by the number of times those copies are used and by the results which are obtained by their means.

**Observations of the Comet of 1862.**—After a delay of more than ten years, caused by the difficulty of reproducing faithfully the original drawings, Professor Schiaparelli has published the results of the careful observations which he made at Milan on the comet of 1862. This comet, coming after our brilliant visitors of 1858 and 1861, excited but little attention, though it deserved notice from the fact of its having (in all probability) given rise to the August meteors (the Perseids), which move in the same orbit, besides being remarkable for several peculiarities which serve to throw much light on the constitution of comets and the development of their tails. In researches which gained him the medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, Professor Schiaparelli has already shown the connexion which exists between certain comets (including that of 1862) and certain star-showers; in the present memoir he discusses the phenomena presented by the comet of 1862, and draws important conclusions as to the forces which gave rise to them.

After giving the observed positions of the comet, Professor Schiaparelli discusses the changes in apparent brightness of the head, from July 24, when it was fainter than a sixth magnitude star, till it became brighter than a star of the second magnitude on August 31 (being very similar in

this respect to the late comet). From these observations the intrinsic brightness is deduced by means of the usual law that the apparent brightness is equal to the intrinsic brightness divided by the product of the squares of the distances of the comet from the earth and sun, a formula which assumes that the comet's light is derived from the sun, whether directly by reflection or indirectly by conversion of solar radiant energy (in the form of heat, light, or actinism) into luminous vibrations. Though this law will be modified if the proportion of the whole energy of the solar radiations received by the comet which is converted into the luminous form is not the same at different times, yet Professor Schiaparelli seems to limit it too much when he confines it to cases where all the light is derived from simple reflection. In the comet of 1862, the intrinsic brightness found in this way increased to five times its original value in about five weeks, but in an irregular manner, remaining stationary for some ten days after the first ten days' increase, an operation which was repeated in the succeeding twenty days.

The apparent diameter of the head is so dependent on the state of the air that the concluded changes of real size may perhaps be accounted for in this way; but there can be no doubt that the nucleus decreased greatly in brightness as the comet approached the sun, and as its diameter when nearest did not exceed 350 miles, that of the head being 250,000 miles, its density must, Professor Schiaparelli considers, have then been considerable, seeing that from it alone must come both the coma and tail in all subsequent apparitions of the comet. But the distinctive feature of this comet was its lopsided character, and this appears to account for many abnormal appearances remarked by all observers. Supposing the tail to be vertical with the head above, the left-hand side was the more developed and the appearance something that of a stick with a knob on one side. The luminous jets which are emitted from time to time by the nucleus, and afterwards form the tail, were all on the left, a secondary tail was thrown out on the same side at an angle of 60° with the principal tail, and making a considerable angle with the plane of the orbit, for it so happened that we passed through this plane on August 10, only a few days after the last appearance of the tail in question. This circumstance by enabling us to view the comet from above and below the plane of its orbit, has proved very useful in deciding several doubtful points about the directions in space of the various tails with which this comet appears to have been well equipped. And this is a point of great importance, for contrary to nearly all precedent, the principal tail was, on issuing from the head, inclined considerably to the direction opposite to the sun, though eventually becoming parallel to it, so that the particles appeared to describe parabolas, having the head as vertex and this direction as axis, just as we should expect them to do under the combined effect of a lateral explosion and a repulsive force from the sun, the motion being nearly similar to that of a projectile on the earth. The question arises then whether the lateral deviation is in the plane of the orbit, the only plane in which a resisting medium could produce any effect. Professor Schiaparelli decides this in the negative as the angular deviation remained nearly constant instead of changing as we passed through the plane of the orbit. A resisting medium being thus out of the question, he concludes the cause to be an explosive force from the nucleus, which maintains a constant, or nearly constant, position in space (during the period of observation, from August 17 to 31), either from want of rotatory motion or from the action of a polar force directed to the sun. But the author seems to have overlooked the ordinary case of constant direction in the solar system, rotation about an axis which always remains parallel to itself, whilst fixity of direction in either of the cases he supposes is hardly conceivable.



But besides the impulse from the nucleus and the repulsive force from the sun, the particles of the tail seem to have been under the influence of their mutual repulsions, for not only did the tails spread out (which might be accounted for by the sun's action), but the anterior boundary curved forwards till it actually cut the prolongation of the radius vector, which is of course the axis of the parabolas above mentioned. This is a fact of great importance which seems never to have been remarked before, and in conjunction with the inclination of the tail to the plane of the orbit will render this comet memorable for the light it has thrown on the constitution of these bodies.

WE have to welcome the appearance of a new philological journal, the *Revue de Philologie et d'Ethnographie*, the first volume of which has just been published at Paris under the editorship of M. de Ujfalvy, and a number of other well-known savans. The articles contained in this its first number augur well for its success and usefulness. M. de Charencey on the "Symbolism of the Hindu Points of Space" is followed by a paper by M. L. Adam on "A Vogul Genesis," important to others besides philologists and theologians. The barbarous tribe of the Vogulians in Eastern Russia has preserved ancient myths which demand special attention at the present time, when Turanian mythology is beginning to be examined. They are embodied in four independent poems collected by Reguly, and published in Magyar by Hunfalvy in 1864. The first text describes the creation by *Numi tárom*, the supreme god, who loosened the winds, and so raised the waves of the abyss above which hung in a silver basket a demi-god and his wife. The wife, in union with the air, gave birth to Elempi, and this semi-divine being, with the help of *Numi tárom*, dragged up the dry earth from the bottom of the abyss, made it firm with a chain of silver, and fabricated men, animals, and birds out of clay and snow. Then came the invention of bows, arrows, and clothes of skin, and the institution of marriage, in consequence of which men began to multiply so fast, that death had to be sent as a corrective. The second text presupposes the existence of giants before the creation of mankind. There were two classes of these, one of them called "sons of God," and they frequently fought with one another; but both had been created by *Numi tárom* without the intervention of the demiurge Elempi, and neither had any wives. The third text gives a history of magic, which was first discovered by the giants, and the polymorphous creatures described in it remind us of the monsters of early Babylonian legend. The fourth poem treats of the Deluge, which happened after seven years of drought, and lasted for seven days (like the flood of the Chaldeans). Those only were saved who had attended to the advice of "the great woman" and "the great man," and built boats furnished with a sufficiently long cable. The third paper is a valuable investigation of letter-shifting in the Ugric languages, by M. de Ujfalvy; then come African vocabularies by M. Halévy; "Some Remarks on the Japanese Theatre," by M. Polday, in which it is pointed out that the Japanese drama is confined entirely to the lower classes, and is deficient in ideality and the sentiment of affection; and notes on the description of Russia found in the travels of Sigismond von Herberstein (born 1486), by M. de Ujfalvy. M. Emile Soldi contributes an article on "Modelling in Plaster in Antiquity and at the Renaissance;" and after an introduction to American bibliography by M. Wiener, the journal concludes with a valuable review of Donner's *Comparative Dictionary of the Finnic Languages*.

WE quote from the *Nation* the following summary of the proceedings at the meeting of the Oriental Society, held in New York at the end of October:—

"One of the most elaborate and interesting of the papers presented was a review and criticism of the progress of decipherment of the Cypriote inscriptions,

with original additions, by Mr. J. H. Hall. The latest and best German investigator in this field, Moritz Schmidt, laments that he has not in trustworthy form the material from the Di Cesnola collections; this Mr. Hall has undertaken to furnish him. Professor Short, of Columbia College, while praising highly Roby's *Latin Grammar*, thought it weaker in syntax than elsewhere, and criticised and amended certain syntactical points. Mr. Tyler, of the Astor Library, called attention to phrases in the Thebaic dialect of Egyptian which have hitherto escaped notice. Dr. Ward exhibited an Assyrian seal-cylinder and gave a brief exposition of it. Mr. Merrill, of Andover, sent a long and full article on the Assyrian monuments in this country. The new and attractive subject of Japanese was represented by two papers—one by Professor Griffin, recently returned from a residence of some years in Japan, and one by Mr. Van Name, of the Yale College library. Mr. Griffin discussed the recent revolutions in Japan, and the causes for them to be found in the modern literature of the country. Mr. Van Name treated of the distinction of noun and verb in the Japanese language, showing that, as in other languages of a low order of structure, it was hardly if at all recognisable. Professor Adler, of Ithaca, lectured the Society on the importance of Talmudic study to the early history of Christianity, and pointed out references which he thought he had discovered in the Talmud to the Christian sect and its doctrines. Professor Whitney, of Yale, defended the ordinarily accepted views of Sanskrit accent against the objections brought up by Dr. Haug, of Munich, in a recent elaborate paper. Professor Haldeman, of Philadelphia, had a brief note upon the occurrence of certain Semitic sounds in American languages. The closing communication, by Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, was on recent German discussions of the evidence of Phœnician colonisation in America, and led to a lively and amusing debate."

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

##### CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Thursday, Nov. 12).

PROFESSOR COWELL was unanimously re-elected President of the Society for the next year. Mr. Wratishaw read a paper in illustration of the following passages: Horace ii. Sat. i. 86; Euripides *Med.* 297, 377, and 1052; *Æschylus Eumen.* 581, 638, and 639; Thucyd. iv. 18 (4), 28 (1); vi. 11 (6); and vi. 16 (2); and Ephesians vi. 2.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY (Thursday, Nov. 19).

DR. G. J. ALLMAN, F.R.S., President, in the Chair. Mr. D. Hanbury exhibited dried specimens of a rose raised from seed received direct from the country where the attar of roses is produced, as the species from which this perfume is obtained. Mr. Baker pronounced it to be *Rosa gallica*, var. *damascena*, the monthly rose, belonging to the Centifolia group, thus confirming previous conjectures on this point. It appears that several varieties are cultivated for this purpose. The President read a paper on the structure of *Stephanoscyphus mirabilis*, the type of a new order of Hydrozoa. The animal is a remarkable organism which occurs imbedded in sponges on the southern shores of France. It forms composite colonies which have a general resemblance to a campanularian hydroid with its cup-like hydrothecae, or so-called polype-cells, opening on the surface of the sponge, and, when the animal extends itself, giving exit to a beautiful crown of tentacles. It has, however, though a true Hydrozoan, no immediate relation with the Campanularians, or with any other hitherto recognised order of Hydrozoa; for the hydrothecae-like receptacles are occupied, not by a hydranth or polypite, but by a body which has all the essential characters of a Medusa; and the tentacles, which are displayed when the animal extends itself, are really the marginal tentacles of a Medusa. It is further provided with the radiating and circular canals of a true Medusa. The animal is essentially a composite colony of medusiform zooids included in a system of chitinous tubes, from which, like a

campanularian hydroid, each zooid has the power of extending itself, and within which it can again retreat. The author regards the *Stephanoscyphus mirabilis* as the type of a new order of Hydrozoa, to which he assigns the name of Thecomedusae. He regards *Stephanoscyphus* as affording a convincing proof of the homology on which he had formerly insisted in parallelising the tentacles of a hydranth with the radiating canals of a Medusa. Dr. M. T. Masters then read a "Monograph of the Durioneae." The paper contains an enumeration of the genera and species of the tribe, together with descriptions of the new species found by Beccari in Borneo, &c. It is accompanied by some remarks on the morphology and geographical distribution of the group. In both respects the group is very distinct. The peculiar scaly pubescence, the compound stamens, the (in some cases) very peculiar anthers, and the muricate fruits, all constitute remarkable features. The question of "divided" or "compound" stamens, which has of late been re-discussed by Chatin, is alluded to with the result that the author adheres to his previously expressed views on the subject—views, moreover, supported by those of Payer, Sachs, Baillon, Van Tieghem, and others. The nature of the petals in Malvales in general is also touched on. Sometimes these appear to be autonomous organs, while in other cases they seem to form part and parcel of the staminal phalanges.

##### PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Friday, Nov. 20).

REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS, President, in the Chair. Professor W. D. Whitney was elected an honorary member of the Society. Dr. B. Mangold, Mr. W. R. Morfill, Mr. J. H. Lloyd, Mr. J. H. Hessels, and Prof. Hy. Attwell, were elected members. Mr. C. B. Cayley read a paper on "Certain Italian Diminutives," in which he endeavoured to point out a link between the Italian use of the termination *ino* to form diminutives of nouns, and the Latin use of *inus* in adjectives denoting general relations. He referred to the derivative proper names in *inus*, which abounded under the Emperors, and especially in and after the fourth century, serving occasionally for patronymics, as in the cases of Carinus, Constantine, &c., and he suggested that *Paolino* came thus to mean a child of Paul, and then a little Paul. In this way the Italian diminutives *carino*, *lupicino*, or *sacchino* seem to be anticipated by the proper names Carinus, Lupicinus, Ursicinus. He added that the high-toned vowel *i* has a certain aptness to suggest childish or female voices, which, though not by itself accounting for the significance of *ino*, might contribute to make it generally preferred to *iano*, and other common terminations of derivative proper names for the purpose of forming diminutives.

M. Gaidoz, editor of the *Revue Celtique*, communicated a paper on the name *Holy Island*, said to have been anciently given to Ireland. After remarking that Ireland was so called by but one writer, Avienus (in the eleventh century), and that the description of its inhabitants given by Strabo was far from entitling it to the appellation, the writer came to the conclusion that the name was the result of "popular etymology." The ancient Greek names for Ireland are *Ἰρηνή* and *Ἰρηνίς νῆσος*, and the passage from either of these to *ἱερή νῆσος* is so easy as to make M. Gaidoz's ingenious conjecture very probable. He then examined Dr. Stokes's etymology of *Erin*, the *Ἰρηνή* of the Greeks, rejecting all others proposed as too improbable to require detailed notice. Dr. Stokes thinks the oldest form of the stem was *Everion* or *Iverion*, which he connects with the Sanskrit *avara*, "further, western," so that *Erin* would be "the land or isle of the west." M. Gaidoz pointed out that this name could not have been given by the Irish to their own country, but must have been learnt from strangers; a conclusion which exactly fits in with the probability of the early voyagers having obtained the name of the "Western isle," from the inhabitants of

Britain, and with the fact that the natives of Ireland did not call themselves by a name derived from *Erin* till comparatively recent times.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—(Saturday, November 21.)

DR. J. H. GLADSTONE, F.R.S., in the Chair. Professor H. M'Leod described and exhibited a modified galvanic battery, whose internal resistance could be readily varied in a known ratio, for the purpose of illustrating to a class the effect of such variations on the strength of current. Each cell consisted of a long glass tube containing a solution of chloride of zinc, with a platinum wire covered with chloride of silver inserted at the bottom to serve as the negative plate, and a circular disc of zinc, of nearly the same diameter as the inside of the tube, which could be raised or lowered by an insulated wire attached to it, as positive plate.

Mr. Baillie Hamilton followed, on the application of wind to stringed instruments. He described an attempt to excite stringed instruments by blowing instead of scraping or twitching the strings, which was made several years ago by Mr. Farmer, music master at Harrow School. His method consisted in flattening one end of the string, and placing it in a slit so as to form a sort of reed, which, when blown on, set the rest of the string vibrating. The effect, however, was very unsatisfactory for several reasons. Mr. Hamilton, who had since investigated the matter, found that if a reed were attached by means of a metal pin to some part of the length of a string fixed at both ends as usual, the reed and string would accommodate themselves to each other and vibrate together, the string separating into two unequal segments; the segment connected with the reed being always shorter than the other or reinforcing segment. This last, indeed, takes the place of the column of air in an organ pipe. Some strings so mounted were sounded by wind, and gave a very good tone, closely resembling that of an organ pipe.

Mr. Hamilton considers that he has thus combined all the advantages of stringed instruments with all the advantages of reed instruments, and has obtained thereby a very perfect and pure source of sound. The compass he has already secured is about seven octaves. The excursions of the reed are so restrained by its connexion with the string that it produces no perceptible harshness. Any difficulty there may be about delay in speaking, can be got over by percussion as usual; but the author finds that an elastic band stretched across the nodal points of the whole set of strings not only steadies them, but transmits a thrill from any one in vibration to the rest, just sufficient to make them respond immediately when a key is depressed.

In order to avoid the usual defect of strings, viz., their liability to go out of tune, Mr. Hamilton flattens the part of the wire beyond the bridge and coils it into a light spiral; this entirely prevents changes of pitch as the string expands, and indeed renders very considerable rotation of the tuning-pin necessary in tuning them. His bass strings consist entirely of these flattened coiled wires; a very great length of wire being thus comprised within a comparatively short length, the tones of a grand piano can be obtained with a very moderate length of soundboard. Some such coiled strings were struck and gave wonderfully fine bass notes.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY (Monday, November 23, 1874.)

At the meeting of the above Society, the President, Sir Henry Rawlinson, announced the accession of sixty new members, being the largest addition which had taken place since the foundation of the society. Sir Henry then mentioned that since the last meeting Her Majesty's Government had sanctioned the cost of an Arctic expedition, that Sir Leopold McClintock had

inspected some suitable vessels at Dundee, Aberdeen and Peterhead, and that there was every probability that the necessary arrangements would be completed in time for the expedition to start in May next.

Sir Rutherford Alcock alluded to the possible importance of the expedition in regard to science, and said that it was not easy to say what discoveries it might not lead to, just as no one could have predicted from Galvani's first experiments in electricity that they would be the forerunner of the telegraph wires and cables. He begged to move that the society offer its congratulations to the President on the success which attended his labours towards this most desirable end.

Sir Henry Rawlinson in reply, begged that he might be allowed to share any credit with Sir Bartle Frere. Proceeding to the business of the evening, Sir Henry then said that news had been received from Colonel Gordon, who, on September 5, was at Gondokoro, with the sections of his steamer below the falls. It might thus be anticipated that we should soon hear of the steamer being launched on the Albert Nyanza lake. A letter had also been received from Mr. H. M. Stanley, who had ascended the Rufiji river by the Simbo Ovango mouth, and sent home a map of the delta and a full account of his travels so far. The President having given a *résumé* of geographical exploration in Central Australia, proceeded to introduce to the assemblage Colonel Egerton Warburton who, though past the age when most explorers have achieved their greatest feats, had nevertheless successfully traversed the interior of the Australian continent from the centre to the west, and had received for this exploit the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

Colonel Warburton, in returning thanks for the medal, alluded to the fact of McDougall Stuart having previously earned the same medal for his Australian explorations, which had been spread over three years, but his (Colonel Warburton's) had been made straight off, without any means of relief. The Colonel, accompanied by his son and Mr. Lewis, set out from Port Adelaide for Alice Springs, a distance of 1,100 miles, and, on April 15, north of MacDonnell range, turned westward. Here their difficulties commenced. Water failed, grass turned to spinifex, and sand everywhere took the place of soil. The whole line of route lay through a nearly waterless desert, with sufficient bushes to keep their camels from utter starvation. They, however, sank one by one beneath the severity of the march, and their flesh served to keep the travellers alive. After having been mercifully saved from starvation on two occasions by the providential discovery of water by a lad of the party, they succeeded eventually in reaching the Okeover River, close by the Western Coast Settlements, and here their wants were speedily relieved. The result of the journey appears to put beyond doubt the worthlessness of the interior of this huge island. A hearty vote of thanks to Colonel Warburton for his interesting paper closed the proceedings.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE (Tuesday, Nov. 24.)

PROFESSOR BUSK, F.R.S., President, in the Chair. Colonel Lane Fox exhibited stone implements, and bows, arrows, and blowpipes from San Jose, Costa Rica. Mr. Charlesworth exhibited characteristic figures carved in amalgam by native Mexican miners; and a chaplet of gold and silver coins worn by the peasant women of Nazareth. The following communications were made by the President. "Notes on Ruins in the neighbourhood of Palmyra," by the late Mr. C. Cotesworth, with some observations on skulls found therein, by the President. The chief object of interest among the antiquities noted by the author, was a tower 111 feet in height, containing a square winding stair of six stories, which might be taken as a building typical of the neighbourhood. In one of the many towers lying to the south of the Kuryetin road, were many human skulls and other remains,

specimens of which were exhibited. There could be no doubt that they had been deposited in the tower 1,800 or 2,000 years ago. In an examination of the skulls and long bones, Professor Busk observed that they presented the same form and proportions as those brought by Captain Burton from Palmyra a short time since, and that they belonged to a dolichocephalic race. Mr. Bollaert contributed "Notes on some Peruvian Antiquities," and exhibited a series of drawings and photographs in illustration.

FINE ART.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX IN ENGLAND.

THE subject on which I take leave to write to-day is almost a personal one, but it is connected with a man of such eminence—of a genius so great and at the same time so much persecuted—that the questions I propose to ask ought to interest English artists and lovers of art.

Eugène Delacroix, ten days before his death, dictated to his solicitor a very minute will, dividing his fortune among his friends, and, from horror of that academic style in the name of which he had suffered a life-long persecution, giving the following directions with regard to his tomb: "I wish my tomb to be on the eminence of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, in a rather retired spot. There shall be neither emblem, bust, nor statue on it. I wish it to be copied exactly from the antique, either from Vignola or Palladio, and, unlike anything seen nowadays in architecture, to have very decided projections." He also appointed a committee of seven people to classify his drawings and paintings, which he expressly directed should be sold by public auction.

Eugène Delacroix died at Paris, in the house he had occupied in the Place Furstenberg, on August 13, 1863. He was born at Charenton on the 8th Floréal, year VI., i. e., in 1797. He did me the honour of choosing me as one of the above-named committee, and never in my life have I felt more strongly moved than when I learnt that my name and memory had been present to his great mind in the moment when, looking death in the face, he defied it to extinguish his fame.

We found that we had to deal with more than 6,000 drawings, sketches, studies, copies, &c. I mention this fact in order to show how perseveringly he laboured, whether in copying from nature or from the masters, or in carrying out his own conceptions, and how grossly unjust was the accusation incessantly brought against his works that they were the result of ready improvisation and presumptuous ignorance. The different heads under which they are classed in the catalogue which I drew up for the sale, and which but for the avarice of the residuary legatee would have been infinitely more detailed, suffice to show what a variety of ideas he mooted, and what an amount of work he accomplished. Many of his drawings bore on their margins hastily written notes, reflections on art, literature, philosophy, or nature, which crossed his mind while at work with his paint-brush or pencil. We found also a number of small albums full of notes. He always carried with him a pocket album, in which, in his leisure moments, and especially during the holiday time spent on the magnificent estate of his relative, the famous Legitimist barrister Berryer, he jotted down observations, recollections, ideas for pictures, scraps of articles. You are aware that he published some very remarkable studies on Michel Angelo, Poussin, Prud'hon, Raphael, Pierre Puget the sculptor, and Gros, on the instruction of drawing, on the caricaturist Challet (for whom he had a great regard), and even in 1829, on the engraving of a portrait of Pope Pius VII. by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

I was expressly enjoined by the committee to make a careful collection of all these scattered thoughts, in order that they might one day be published together, and to this day I have been



incessantly on the look-out for anything which would make this treasure more complete. The terrible events brought about by the Empire delayed the publication of a volume in the completion of which I am now engaged, and which, if there is no further delay, will be ready in three months. The family and friends of Eugène Delacroix placed at my disposal over 300 letters. Of these I have transcribed more than half—all of them of marked interest, and models of epistolary style. Some relate specially to art, others are more personal, and reveal a nature exquisitely tender and faithful. From his touching confidences to the friends with whom he kept up an uninterrupted correspondence from the year 1816 to 1862, we learn how this master, so full of lofty sentiments and utterly devoted to his art, was rendered profoundly melancholy by the knowledge that he was only understood by a few choice spirits.

One chapter of this work I intend to devote exclusively to England, and it is on this ground that I venture to call the attention of readers of the ACADEMY to the correspondence of Eugène Delacroix. Are there any still living who had personal relations with him during his stay in England, any who corresponded with him and have preserved his letters? Is there any one—amateur or artist—who retains an impression of his manners or conversation, or with whom he left as a memorial some painting or water-colour drawing? In short, may I hope that the lines which follow these will be read with sympathy in England, and that some one or other will be moved by them to send me here at Paris a few words of information about the people and places to which allusion is made? For such a response I should be infinitely grateful, and I should rejoice to think that I could rely on the generosity of the English press generally to give further publicity to the questions I have asked in opening what I may call an international request.

I proceed to quote some of the most characteristic passages of the correspondence:—

"Londres : Dimanche, Mai 27, 1829.

"Mon adresse est 14 Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital.

"Mon cher enfant,—Je suis depuis deux ou trois jours dans cette grande ville. . . Je suis arrivé à Calais, par le courrier, à 10 heures et demie du soir; parti le lendemain jeudi à 10 heures et demie, et arrivé à Douvres à midi et demie ou une heure, fort ballotté dans la traversée, mais point malade, ce qui m'a fait beaucoup de plaisir. J'avais cependant compté là-dessus pour me guérir d'un rhume, comme d'un petit vomitif forcé qui m'en eût débarrassé.

"J'ai eu à Douvres le temps de monter sur les falaises, dont Copley Fielding a fait une belle aquarelle que tu te rappelles, et de voir le château.

"... J'ai trouvé dans la voiture de Douvres à Londres un vieux français d'assez de mérite, et nous jouissons à dire du mal du pays devant un gros fermier qui, à la vérité, n'entendait pas un mot de ce que nous disions, d'abord faute de savoir le français, ensuite à cause de deux bouteilles de vin de Porto qu'il avait jugé à propos de prendre avant son départ de Douvres pour le consoler de l'ennui de la route. Ce qui le rendait d'une gaîté folle quand il ne ronflait pas.

"L'immensité de cette ville ne se conçoit pas. Les ponts sur la rivière sont à perte de vue les uns des autres. Ce qui m'a le plus choqué, c'est l'absence de tout ce que nous appelons architecture. Préjugé ou non, cela me déplaît. Et puis, ils ont une rue de Waterloo, qui est un tas de palais d'opéra à la suite l'un de l'autre, terminé par une édifice au haut duquel est un clocher pointu.

"Mais les belles boutiques! Un luxe extrême. J'ai déjà vu beaucoup en peu de temps. J'ai été hier avec six jeunes gens, dont étaient les Fieldings, à Richmond, par la Tamise. Nous avons fait pour y aller six lieues et plus en deux heures, et de même en revenant, dans un bateau à six rames, qui mérite à lui seul qu'on fasse le voyage pour le voir. Figure-toi un violon d'amateur: tout ce qu'il y a de plus délicat en construction, en grâce, en vitesse, enfin inimaginable. C'est ce que j'ai vu de plus étonnant jusqu'ici dans ce pays. Je ne peux assez te dire combien c'est admirable. J'avais l'honneur de tenir le gouvernail. Les bords de la Tamise sont charmants."

A yawl or a canoe was a thing absolutely un-

known in France at that time. We had nothing but flat-bottomed boats:—

"... Fielding m'a retenu un logement fort bien qui ne me revient guère qu'à 40 francs par mois, ce qui est très-bon marché, n'est-ce pas? Beaumarchais a dit à tort que *goddem* est le fond de la langue. C'est *one schelling*, *sir*. Ce qui veut dire un schelling, Monsieur. C'est ce qui se trouve au bout de toutes les phrases. Je ne parle pas précisément de la conversation qu'on tient dans le palais du roi, car je n'ai pas encore été à portée d'en entendre de cette espèce.

"J'ai vu le galerie de M. West; pour un schelling, bien entendu. Il y a beaucoup de choses à en dire. . .

"E. DELACROIX."

Here is another letter of a few days later date. His impressions of England are losing their first novelty, and the judgment is no longer that of the newly landed traveller, but of the nice and discriminating observer:—

"Londres : ce 6 Juin, 1829.

"Oh. . . Il est impossible d'être mieux accueilli, et avec une politesse plus noble que par les personnes auxquelles je me suis trouvé recommandé. Je me suis cruellement ennuyé pendant les premiers jours. Depuis que je me suis mis à travailler, je me plais ici.

"L'aspect premier de leur peinture ne m'a pas fait plaisir. Je m'y fais à présent. Je ne m'étonne pas de l'impression défavorable qu'en rapportent ceux qui n'ont pas là-dessus les idées que nous avons. L'imitation des vieux maîtres a son inconvénient comme toutes choses.

"Il se forme une société de grands personnages qui, sous la protection du gouvernement, encourage les grands tableaux. Je crains dans cette mesure la perte de l'école anglaise. Ils ont des peintres admirables dans les proportions moyennes. L'envie de briller d'avantage les ôtera de la route qu'ils suivent. Ils feraient de grands tableaux qui ne seraient plus à la portée des particuliers. Cette société a acheté une grande crotte de M. Hilton moyennant 25,000 francs. C'est une réminiscence maladroite de tout ce que les maîtres ont fait.

"En revanche, il y a des peintures de genre très-belles. J'ai été chez M. Wilkie, et je ne l'apprécie que depuis ce moment-là. Les tableaux achevés m'avaient déçu, et dans le fait ses ébauches et ses esquisses sont au-dessus de tous les éloges. Comme tous les peintres de tous les âges et de tous les temps, il gâte régulièrement ce qu'il fait de beau. . .

"Fielding est le meilleur enfant possible. Copley est un homme qu'on ne voit pas, et peu dans sa nature. . .

E. DELACROIX."

And in a letter of June 18:—

"... J'ai vu chez Wilkie une esquisse de "Knox le puritan prêchant devant Marie-Stuart." Je ne peux t'exprimer combien c'est beau! Mais je crains qu'il ne le gâte. C'est une manie fatale. . .

It appears (though I can find no mention of the incident in the three volumes published by Allan Cunningham), that in June, 1828, Wilkie went to see Eugène Delacroix at Paris, on his way home from a tour in Spain. He showed him some drawings, and it seemed to Delacroix that the ideas of the English artist had been completely upset by his studies of Spanish art.

Another artist of whose courtesy Delacroix speaks with pleasure was Etty.

"... J'ai vu ici une pièce de Faust, qui est le plus diabolique qu'on puisse imaginer. Le Méphistophélès est un chef-d'œuvre de caricature et d'intelligence. C'est le Faust de Goethe, mais arrangé: le principal est conservé. Ils en ont fait un opéra mêlé de comique et de tout ce qu'il y a de plus noir. On voit la scène de l'église avec le chant du prêtre et l'orgue dans le lointain. L'effet ne peut aller plus loin sur le théâtre."

[Later, in 1828, Delacroix made this scene the subject of an admirable picture, which has been exhibited quite recently for the benefit of the Alsations.]

"J'ai vu le *Freischütz* sur deux théâtres différents, avec de la musique qu'on a supprimée à Paris. Il y a de choses fort singulières dans la scène de la fonte des balles. Ils entendent mieux que nous l'effet sur le théâtre, et leurs décorations, qui ne sont pas exécutées avec autant de soin, font mieux ressortir les person-

nages. Il ont des actrices d'une beauté divine qui valent souvent mieux que le spectacle. Elles ont des voix charmantes et des tournures qui ne sont que dans ce pays-ci. . .

E. D."

He was enthusiastic about the English stage, which corresponded to the doctrines of the romantic movement then at effervescing point in literature. Shakespeare, whom he had read from his youth, and Byron, were presented to him with a brilliancy of colour and bustle of life which our more classical theatre excludes, and which Victor Hugo alone has known how to introduce into some of his dramas.

"Londres : 27 Juillet.

"... J'ai vu *Richard III.* joué par Kean, qui est un très-grand acteur. Young ne me plaît pas autant. Je l'ai vu dans plusieurs pièces, entraînées dans la *Tempête*, qu'on a remise à la scène. . . On a changé le commencement de *Richard*: au lieu de la mort de Clarence, ils ont mis la mort de Henri VI, qui est aussi de Shakespeare, mais dans la 2<sup>e</sup> partie d'*Henri VI.* Richard, qui n'est encore que Gloster, vient dans sa prison et l'assassine à coups d'épée. Ce moment a été terriblement rendu par Kean, aussi que mille autres dont je ne manquerais pas de te rabattre les oreilles. J'ai vu aussi *Othello* par lui: des expressions d'admiration manquent pour Shakespeare qui a inventé *Othello* et *Iago*. . .

"... Je suis obligé à mon grand regret de manquer une représentation demain où Young doit jouer le rôle de *Iago* avec Kean dans *Othello*. Quoique à des théâtres différents, ils se réunissent pour un bénéfice. Je pense voir aussi *Hamlet*.

"... M. Elmore est on ne peut plus aimable pour moi. Je me suis mis depuis peu de temps à travailler chez lui. J'ai rencontré Mayer, qui gagne de l'argent beaucoup avec des portraits. Il est pour moi la boussole de la mode. Malheureusement dans ce pays-ci on ne va pas loin avec peu d'argent. . .

"... On a pendu plusieurs fois depuis que je suis ici; mais je n'ai pas été tenté de l'aller voir. Au reste, comme c'est le lundi et le vendredi de chaque semaine, si la fantaisie en reprend, tu vois qu'il est commode de se le passer. . .

I do not know whether there exist any other letters written by Delacroix to other correspondents. Here are extracts from the latest but one that I find in the bundle of papers before me:—

"Londres, le 1 Août, 1829.

"... Je pars demain pour un petit voyage de quelques jours, moitié par la Tamise, moitié par mer. C'est sur le yacht d'un ami de M. Elmore. Je suis fou de la marine, et j'irai peut-être sous peu dans le Cornwall avec Eugène Isabey, qui est ici. Ce serait un voyage d'une quinzaine sur les plus sauvages côtes d'Angleterre, ce qui pourrait par la suite être pour moi d'un avantage qui compenserait les dépenses qu'il m'occasionnerait dans le moment. . .

"... J'ai été chez Lawrence avec quelqu'un qui était assez recommandé auprès de lui pour qu'il fût pour nous d'une grande complaisance. C'est la fleur de la politesse et un véritable peintre de grands seigneurs. Je te le décrirai amplement. J'ai vu chez lui de très-beaux dessins des grands maîtres, et des peintures de lui, ébauches, dessins même, admirables. On n'a jamais fait les yeux, des femmes surtout, comme Lawrence, et ces bouches entrouvertes d'un charme parfait. Il est inimitable."

In March, 1828, Delacroix sent more pictures to England. They were exhibited in the British Gallery, and he wrote at the time to a friend, "Les journaux anglais en ont fait des éloges magnifiques." It would be interesting if these articles could be recovered. Among these pictures was his *Grèce sur les Ruines de Missolonghi*, and the *Marino Faliero décapité*. In this picture, which is in truth one of the most brilliant masterpieces of modern art, Lawrence took a great interest. He even showed a wish to buy it. But unfortunately he died before the purchase could be completed:—

"Je ne sais si je t'ai dit que j'avais vu Kean dans *Shylock du Marchand de Venise*. C'est admirable, et nous en causerons. Je suis inconsolable d'avoir manqué *Hamlet* par Young. Maintenant les grands théâtres sont fermés, et d'ailleurs il fait très-chaud.

"Je romps des lances pour la France contre tous les anglais possibles. Il y a dans le sang du peuple

quelque chose de sauvage et de féroce qui perce dans la canaille qui est hideuse. Ensuite, c'est un fameux gouvernement. La liberté ici n'est pas un vain mot. L'orgueil de leurs nobles et la distinction de rangs sont poussés à un point qui me choque infiniment, mais il en résulte de bonnes choses. . . .

"Vous me répondrez à l'adresse suivante: M. Eug. Delacroix, at M. A. Elmore, 3, John Street, Edgware Road." . . .

Then, in a last letter, he writes:—

"Londres: 12 Août.

"... Je reviens depuis trois jours d'un voyage fort agréable en Essex, où j'ai été par mer dans le navire d'un noble anglais qui y possède un château où j'ai passé quelques jours. Comme le temps était contraire pour retourner à Londres, nous avons fait quelques excursions par quelque mauvais temps qui m'a fait voir la mer un peu méchante. . . .

"Je serai à Paris vers la fin du mois. J'entrevois la possibilité par la suite d'un établissement dans ce pays, mais ce n'est pas sans appréhension. Il faudrait bien des guinées. . . . Je suis si horriblement paresseux que je n'ai aucunement travaillé l'anglais, et que je n'ai pas fait tous les progrès que je devais raisonnablement espérer après trois mois environ de séjour. Au reste, comme il arrive toujours, je quitte le pays juste au moment où j'allais parler avec quelque facilité. Tous les Français qui sont ici disent que cela vient tout-à-coup après quelques mois. . . .

"E. DELACROIX."

I have, besides these letters, a few miscellaneous notes which will be of use to me in writing the chapter on England. But they are without order.

At the time of the sale I made a catalogue of a score of water-colour sketches having English subjects—banks of the Thames, sea-pieces, landscapes—and of as many more stray sheets filled with sketches of barks at sea and various shipping details. There were also three albums and notebooks. In one of the albums were several studies of those English homes then so little known in France—the homes that had so delighted Géricault, who was the friend of Delacroix, and, by the way, a good deal more his master than Guérin, under whom he studied, had ever been. There were besides some views taken in London: among others, a very beautiful effect in light—Waterloo Bridge and St. Paul's rising in pearly white against a foggy sky, while the remainder of the scene to right and left is buried in smoke. And there was a panoramic view of London taken from Greenwich.

I found also some highly-finished drawings from the fragments of the Parthenon, which served him later for his published lithographs. Also, a great pasture-meadow with cows, and a background of purple hills, against which two church-towers stand out white and square. This picture bears the inscription, "Vu en allant chez M. Meyrick le vendredi, 8 Juillet. Fait le lendemain." And these other words, "Chez M. — le soir, à Kingston Gardens," are written under a study of an arm-chair and a Chinese screen in a room hung round with many pictures.

He made studies from the armour in Mr. Meyrick's collection, and it was at the house of this friend that he met Bonington, who on his return to Paris, being very poor at the time, came to work in Delacroix's studio. Delacroix had a great regard for Bonington, and wrote a most interesting letter about him to M. Bürger, who has inserted it at length in the *History of the Painters of all Schools*.

In a letter written in 1858, he pays compliments to the prae-Raphaelite School, of whom he says that, while imitating the early Italian painters in manner, they throw into their work a sentiment that is essentially original.

But I think I have said enough to give a clear idea, not of the influence of England on the work of the artist, but of the life of Eugène Delacroix in England. The other will furnish matter for another letter.

PH. BURY.

# THE SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS.

## (Second Notice.)

THE most conspicuous landscape in this collection is the *Dante and Virgil* of M. Corot—unusually large for this honoured and excellent painter, and in especial unusually important in the scale of its figures. It is not, however, by any means a distinguished example of the master: he has evidently been oppressed by the epic requirements of his theme, and has produced a picture in which the landscape material is below his finer standard, and the figures are decidedly poor—the Dante less so than the stuffed Virgil, stuffed she-wolf, tiger that ought to be a panther, and lion. The matted and hardly penetrable forest of Dante's poem, "questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte," is reduced to the conditions of a grove, freely permeated by the humour of the twilight sky. The same artist exhibits here: *The Windmill; Canal Scene, Holland*, with oak and willow foliage, very fine in its lightsome handling; *Bay of Naples*, which we should judge to have been done some years ago; and some other works. Perhaps the *chef d'œuvre* of the whole Exhibition is *The Old Stone House* by Millet—a work in which direct realization is made just as potent for expressing the sentiment of the scene as its external facts. The solid weather-worn house stands behind a rounded grassy foreground; a moist blueish-green horizon-sky is scudded over by a cloudy drift, dusky and white; the late afternoon closes in towards evening; a woman with a broom is steering some geese to leftward; to the right are some barn-door poultry, and clothes hung out to dry. This is a picture whose very simplicity leads the mind into an examining and brooding mood. Another remarkably simple work is the *Souvenir of Berkhamstead* by M. Legros: a grassy mound, with a bush and its heavy shadow, and one tree, and a pale blue sky. There is hardly enough on this canvas to warrant its somewhat large size; and yet it is a thing not readily to be forgotten. M. Daubigny exhibits *On the Banks of the Oise*—a strong, fine, moist piece of work; also *The Cooper*, with a dark rich clump of trees, the sun burning through a chink in their foliage, a mottled yellowish sky nearing sunset, and the artificer's shed below the leafage. Still more impressive than these is *The Thames below Greenwich*; with its abundant and fast-flowing stream, the heavy struggling sunlight which realises English atmosphere to the foreign mind, and here very truly realises one characteristic aspect of it, and the flapping or turpid sails of the thronging river-craft. From M. Karl Daubigny comes *Paré de Chailly, Forest of Fontainebleau*, grand and sombre.

M. Alma-Tadema sends two choice sketches from Münster—the *Minster* of that city being the more interesting of the two, executed with all the certainty of a master, who can be rapid without missing anything of what he wants to indicate. Mrs. Alma-Tadema's little picture, *Between the Showers*, a hill-side with growing corn, has similar ability, and would be not unworthy of her distinguished husband's hand. M<sup>me</sup>. M. Cazin shows uncommon powers of force and breadth, she also working with every appearance of unfaltering rapidity: a glance of the eye, a touch of the brush, and a portion of the picture done once for all, seem to follow with the readiness of counting one, two, three. This lady contributes several pictures, all or most of them from Sussex scenery: *Cutting Hemp* may be cited with special commendation. M. G. Michel is a vigorous landscapist, not wholly free from heaviness: his *Fishermen on the Seine* has tone and elevation, and his *Mill on the Slopes of Montmartre* recalls something of the style of Crome. The same English painter, along with Constable, may have influenced M. J. Dupré in his *Land-Storm*: very stormy it certainly is, and drenched in wet.

Numerous landscapes still remain at which the visitor should look attentively. We may name the *Winter Scene* of A. Vollon, with its deeply-

loaded pigment; *The Last House of the Village*, by J. Laurens, in which a very different effect of snow is given with energetic truth—it lies in shadow, blue-tinged under a yellow sky; *The Rhone near Lyons*, by Roman; *On the Oise*, by Mathon; *Landscape, Evening*, by Ter-Linden; *Windmills, Holland*, by C. Monet, quaint and homely in its picturesqueness; *In the Orchard*, by Marie Collart. One British painter, Mr. J. Macbeth, figures in this Gallery; his *Hampstead Lane* assimilates closely enough to the style of his foreign colleagues.

The animal-subjects include a moderately good Troyon, named *Harrowing*; *A Flock of Sheep*, by M<sup>me</sup>. Mesdag, low-toned, and facile in its truth; and some highly efficient paintings of dead game by Scholderer. M. Fantin is, as usual, supreme in flowers: his *Clove-pinks* (No. 6) and *Pinks* (No. 46) are veritable masterpieces—magically touched and wholly delightful. Several other specimens of his work might be referred to, but they all seem to us outstripped by the two which we have named.

In the upper of the two rooms is a highly interesting series of drawings by Millet, thirteen in number. They are mostly in black chalk or charcoal; some of them have touches of tinted chalk, or washes of colour, which, in two of the set, count for something considerable in the general effect. The finest of all is *The Angelus*; an admired composition, in which two peasants, a man and a woman, at work in the fields, bow their heads, still standing upright, as they hear the church bell. Not only for grave simplicity and for sentiment, but for luminosity as well, this design is pre-eminent. Other very fine specimens are *The Goatherd*; *Peasant Woman and Cow*; *Woman Cooking*; *The Wayfarers*, again a striking piece of sunlight effect.

If France can boast in M. Millet a wonderful designer and painter of her peasant life, perfect in insight, and attaining in art an elevation all the more genuine because instinctive and unpremeditated, she can point also to a sculptor of a similar range of subject, and perhaps coequal excellence, M. Dalou. His terra-cotta *Paysanne Française*—a mother suckling her infant daughter—touches the very ideal of this style of art. Seated on a basket, and wearing her clumsy sabots, the mother is still unsurpassable for grace, sweetness, and affection: she is a thorough peasant woman, yet capable of teaching some open secret of loveliness to a princess or a nymph. This is national art, not undeserving even of a national recompense; which will be paid to M. Dalou in at least one form—that of his countrywomen's sympathy and gratitude.

W. M. ROSETTI.

## ART SALES.

On the 12th and following days were sold at the Hôtel Drouot, the curiosities, books, paintings, and other effects, the property of Made-moiselle Mars. Occurring more than thirty years after the death of this celebrated actress, the sale created some surprise, but it would appear that M. Bronner, of Versailles, whom M<sup>lle</sup>. Mars had made her universal legatee, preserved her bequest with pious veneration, and it is only on his death that the property is dispersed. The sale possessed a double interest from the former proprietor of the objects, and from the period to which they belonged. The fine portrait of M<sup>lle</sup>. Mars, in the *Trois Sultanes*, Baron Gérard, was bought for 2,250 fr.; and six small paintings, by the same artist, 920 fr. Two female portraits, French school, Louis XVI. period, 1,030 fr. Portrait of M<sup>me</sup>. de Montespan and her children, enamel upon gold, 2,150 fr. Gold bracelet set with diamonds, rubies and pearls, 825 fr. Pair of diamond and emerald ear-rings, 2,680 fr. Pair of dogs, old Dresden porcelain, Louis XV. mountings in ormolu, 950 fr. Bronze time-piece, chased and gilt, with caryatides, time of the Empire, the model executed for M<sup>lle</sup>. Mars,



1,470 fr. Another Louis XV. period, marquetry of copper, mother-o'-pearl and enamel, 660 fr. Green bronze poodle, 690 fr. Two candelabra, Louis XV. period, female figures supporting branches, 1,050 fr. Furniture for a sleeping room, time of the Empire, of mahogany and bronze, chased and gilt, by Jacob, 1,405 fr. Cheval glass (*Psyché*), of the same period, 1,060 fr. Bedstead set, same period and decoration, 825 fr. These last were bought by M. Perrin, administrator of the *Comédie Française*. The room was crowded with purchasers, anxious to possess some memorial of the most popular actress of the French stage.

THIS last week Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods had a sale of the effects of the late Mr. E. W. Johnson, of Chichester. It consisted of a miscellaneous collection of china, sculpture and other decorative objects, with about 500 pictures, ancient and modern. The prices realised were moderate. Lot (316) Bow figure of Jupiter and Juno, 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* (319) Chelsea figure of Neptune, 7*l.* 10*s.* (328) Hexagonal Worcester stand and saucer, 9*l.* 10*s.* (329) Triple Plymouth sweetmeat stand, encrusted with shells, 8*l.* (405) Old Italian iron casket, 16*l.* 5*s.* (429*a*) Marble figure of Boy extracting a thorn from his foot, 25*l.* (438) English chime clock, by Bentley, 26*l.* 10*s.* Some of the pictures sold as follows:—(488) Ferg, Landscape, 10*l.* 15*s.* (497) Smebach, Landscape, 11*l.* 5*s.* (539) Honthorst, Youth with violin, 8*l.* 5*s.* (590) Berghem, Peasants and animals at a fountain, 13 guineas. (584) P. Ruysdael, View near Haarlem, 17*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* (587) Lingelbach, Italian scene, 17 guineas. (588) Canaletti, View of Venice, 20*l.* 10*s.*; and (592) another, 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* (595) Breughel, Landscape with figures, 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* (600) B. van Orley, Holy Family, 17*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* (636) Old Crome, Landscape with farm buildings, 16*l.* 5*s.* (639) F. Watts, View of Winchester, 17*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* (642) J. W. Lea, Richmond Park, 24 guineas. (644) L. Verboeckhoeven, River with boats, 10 guineas. (694) Towne, River scene, 17*l.* (704) Ommegeanck, Landscape, 17*l.* (731) Herring, Farm buildings, 10 guineas. (732) Interior of stable, 26*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* and (733) Farm horses, a pair, 42*l.* (792) Nasmyth, a farm-yard, 11*l.* 3*s.*; and (808) ditto, with cottages, 7 guineas. (871) Morland, Landscape, 27 guineas. (878) W. Shayer, River scene, 30 guineas. (879) Coast scene, 37 guineas; (880) Landscape with peasants, 30 guineas; and (881) View in Hampshire, 25 guineas. (882) W. Shayer, sen., Harvest field, 36 guineas. (883) A. Vickers, near Nant Mill, 57*l.* 15*s.* (886) G. Smith, of Chichester, Winter scene, 33 guineas. (889) Landscape, 22 guineas. (890) Landscape, with apple gatherers, 23 guineas, and (893) River scene, 18 guineas.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

By the death of M. Fortuny, European art has lost a talent who during his life had, in some quarters, the reputation of a genius. M. Fortuny was the brother-in-law of M. Madrazo; and the school of which these two have been the inspiration, had its origin in Spain, its seat in Rome, and its principal market in Paris. M. Fortuny shared with M. Madrazo the gift of expressive and vivacious drawing on a minute scale, and the power of using brilliant and complicated colour with an harmonious effect. But these dexterities he turned to no very valuable ends, and in no very dignified manner. His conceptions had the cynicism without the depth of Goya, and his touch the minuteness without the style of Meissonnier. What he and his school have loved is to invest the lowest types of human nature with the most sparkling fripperies of the collector's wardrobe—to show their skill in expressing at once the characters of mean and carnal men and women, and the subtleties of tone and combination in gorgeous stuffs of Spain, Italy, the East, or the latest Parisian manufacture. Whether so much accuracy of hand and alertness of eye were worth exercising on such matters,

posterity will probably doubt. What may be the effect of such ideals on the disciples of duller eye and looser hand, is only too certain. The approval of a certain school of Parisian judges whom any vivacity allures and no meanness of conception repels, together with the patronage of a great picture-dealer, secured for the works of M. Fortuny the repute of which we have spoken, and a market value corresponding to that repute. Several of his principal paintings have been at various times exhibited at the galleries of Mr. Wallis and Mr. Maclean. M. Fortuny died at Naples on Saturday last.

MR. ANDERSON ROSE's collection of etchings, now at Liverpool, is to be exhibited in Birmingham.

THE Liverpool Autumn Exhibition, which has been very successful, closes on Saturday next, December 5, with a conversazione of the exhibitors and purchasers.

AT the Library and Reading Rooms, No. 173 North Street, Brighton, is to be seen a picture attributed to Garofalo (Benvenuto Tisio), representing the well-known and continually painted legend of the marriage of St. Catharine. It is stated to have been executed in 1537, and to have been in the Convent of the White Nuns, or Monache del Popolo. It afterwards passed into the hands of two gentlemen of Reggio, and next into the possession of its present owner, who remains unnamed in the printed prospectus. The same subject was painted by Garofalo in two other compositions—one of them in the Vatican, and the second in the gallery of the Capitol.

A LOAN Exhibition, of pictures of very various Schools, is open at the Academy of Fine Arts, Clifton, Bristol. The pictures of various Schools are contributed by their possessors in the locality, but the value of this exhibition is exceedingly enhanced by the loan from the Department of Science and Art of about a hundred studies and drawings by Turner. The exhibition has not thus far received a tithe of the support which would have been accorded to it by the inhabitants of other great towns, such as Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham; and to record this is to record a fact not creditable to the Bristolians. The Turner drawings—albeit many of them are but the swiftest memoranda of impressions—would repay far more study than they are ever likely to have. Their interest and quality can perhaps best be indicated by saying briefly that they are of themselves enough to have secured a man an immense fame at the hands of artists and judges. To mention, out of many, two or three most notable examples of different kinds of power, one might cite the bird's-eye view of Naples, a pencil drawing, in outline, in which a thousand house-roofs lie out, with the finest accuracy, and most consummate grouping, under the beholder's eye; and again, among more familiar effects, a *Windmill in Mist*, a *Bridge at Sunset*, and (perhaps most remarkable of all for its easy command of means) another Bridge with the breaking light of dawn. Passing hurriedly among the works contributed by Bristolians, one notices that W. Müller is well represented, as indeed in Bristol he ought to be. Mr. J. D. Weston is the possessor of one of his more considerable works, *The Avenue of the Sphinx, Luxor*, in which a placid moonlight and flickering fire-light mingle with cunning effect. Another result of Müller's journey to the East—*The Acropolis*, a water-colour—is in the possession of Mr. Brooke Smith, while Mr. C. Branwhite owns a charming little picture in oil—*A Sketch on Hampstead Heath*—as silvery and delicate as may be. Among the works of David Cox one should note Mr. Plum's admirable sepia drawing, *On the Lyn*, and Mr. Weston's magnificent water-colour, *Bettw-y-Coed*, which has a touch of the solemnity of the *Welsh Funeral*. Small landscapes in oil by Nasmyth and by F. Wheatley—the latter better known nowadays for his rustic groups in water-colour—are contributed by Mr. Weston and Mrs. Lunell. Mr. P. W. S. Miles,

Mr. J. W. Miles, and Mr. J. B. Harford have contributed important works of old masters—Guercino, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Poussin. The catalogue, which we have seen, would have been the better for careful revision. Brauer would not then have been spelt "Brower," nor Spagnoletto "Spragnoletto," but on the whole the organisers of the exhibition have deserved well of the public, and it must be repeated that the small support the exhibition has received says little for the art feeling of the inhabitants.

MR. W. J. WEBB, known to a considerable circle by his work in painting, and to a larger public as a popular illustrator, displayed at a private view in the Conduit Street Gallery on Wednesday, a small collection of clever water-colour drawings representing rural life and scenery in Wales and Surrey. Among them, one called *The Last Glass*—a scene outside a rough Welsh inn—was specially remarked for its transient effect of weather; while in *Gloaming* Mr. Webb has succeeded in catching with utmost faithfulness the hues of sandy soil and heather on the Surrey hills.

THE Spanish Government has instructed its Consular agents to be on the look-out at foreign ports for the arrival of the splendid Murillo, which has been so scandalously removed from the Cathedral of Seville. This picture, a Saint Anthony, was the special gem of the building, and the ingenuity with which the principal figure alone has been cut out from the great altar-piece shows that the robbery has been effected by expert hands cognisant of the value of the theft which they were perpetrating. From the great height at which it was hung, the thief must have used a ladder to reach the picture, and one of the most singular things connected with the whole affair is that no lock, bolt or bar was found to have been tampered with, while, moreover, a chaplain, two attendants, and two large watch-dogs are always locked up in the cathedral during the night for the protection of its numerous treasures. The figure of the Saint, who was represented kneeling in the attitude of prayer, has been so carefully removed that none of the other portions of the picture have been in any way injured; but nevertheless the value of the entire composition, which was estimated in Spain at the large sum of more than a million Spanish dollars, or nearly 200,000*l.*, is of course now entirely destroyed.

The picture was painted by Murillo in 1656, and therefore represents the painter's very best period. According to local traditionary gossip, the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, attempted in 1813, after the repulse of the French in the Peninsula, to secure this picture for the National Gallery, offering to give as many golden onzas for it as would be required to cover the painting, and as the canvas measures fifteen feet square, it was estimated that had his offer been accepted, it would have made the Seville Chapter richer by 4,700,000 real than they were before; but they refused to part with their most highly-prized art treasure, and the picture has continued since then the glory of the cathedral. The subject chosen by the painter is the dedication by Saint Anthony of Padua of himself in prayer to the Saviour, who is represented in the form of a child descending from heaven surrounded by the angelic host, and enshrined in a halo of celestial light, which permeates the cloud on which he rests his feet. The robbery of this picture recalls to mind another theft of a somewhat similar character perpetrated last year in the Cathedral of Granada, when the Virgin by Alonso Cano was surreptitiously cut out of its frame. In that case the thief was detected in the person of an Italian image seller, who had only recently been dismissed from prison after undergoing the term of punishment awarded to him for his sacrilegious offence. It is thought that this man is connected with a band of robbers, by whom some daring acts of vandalism have been recently effected in the Palace at Madrid and in various cathedrals and churches in different parts of Southern Spain.

THE careless inaccuracy of many French writers on Art has been recently exemplified in a most flagrant manner by M. Charles Yriarte. In his lately published *Vie d'un Patricien de Venise au Seizième Siècle*, this author speaks of the well-known portrait by P. Veronese of Marc Antonio Barbaro, in the Vienna Gallery, that forms the frontispiece of his volume, as if he had been the first to discover it, or at all events to find out whom it represented; whereas the portrait in question has been recognised in every catalogue of the Belvedere Gallery since 1781 as being that of his Patrician. Even in such a small matter as copying the inscription the French writer could not take the pains to be correct, but has made three mistakes in seven words, besides giving the plain Roman letters M. A. B. F. as the signature of this painting, instead of a monogram that is not at all easy to resolve into these letters. Such inaccuracy was not likely to escape M. Yriarte's German critics. In the last number of the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* the disputed monogram is reproduced in facsimile, and some historical particulars given in respect to this interesting portrait.

THE *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* this month is chiefly occupied with the Exposition of the "Union Centrale." M. Jules Lanoue notices the products of modern industry, especially the magnificent bronzes and other works in metal, many of which are really beautiful works of art; M. J. Solers deals with the costume portion of the exhibition, and gives us a slight sketch of the history of shoes in the mediæval period. The subject is abundantly illustrated, and we have some curious examples of the long-pointed *soulier à la poulaine* of the fifteenth century, the square-toed German shoes of the sixteenth century, the absurdly high pattens and the high-heeled shoes of the time of Louis XV. The library of the Union Centrale, a library formed for the purpose of popular instruction in Art, and open without any restriction to all the visitors to the Union, is no doubt an excellent institution; but considering that the *Gazette* already contained two articles on the Union, M. René Ménard might, one would have thought, have found some other subject for his versatile powers. The other articles of the number are an essay on the teaching of geometric drawing, a critique on the Exhibition of National Manufactures, by M. Albert Jaquemart; a continuation of M. Clément de Ris' descriptive history of the Stockholm Museum; and a slight account of the Dutch engraver known as Dirk Van Staren, or the Master of the Star, written to accompany a fine heliographic reproduction of one of his very rare prints, *St. Bernard Kneeling before the Virgin*. An etching by Walter from Rembrandt's painting of the *Oath of Ziska* in the Stockholm Museum will also attract connoisseurs. The minor illustrations are mostly of products of art industry.

THE *Neue Freie Presse* learns from Rome that Raphael's celebrated *Violin Player*, which was lately reported as lost, has been found. The Government has made an official statement that the picture exists in the Palazzo Sciarra, where it is in the Prince's bedchamber, instead of being in the gallery.

THE painter Franz Gaul, father of the two eminent painters, Franz and Gustav Gaul, died suddenly last week in Vienna.

It is decided to erect a statue to Holberg in his native city of Bergen, and the Danish sculptor, Professor Stein, has been commissioned to execute the work. Since the Bergenses have let so many years slip by without showing any particular honour to their great townsman, they might surely wait now until 1884, which will be the second centenary of Holberg's birth.

SIR GILBERT SCOTT, in alluding to the vexed question of the completion of St. Paul's, in his presidential address before the Institute of British Architects, stated that unless some "new and un-

pledged" agency arose to clear the utter chaos into which the subject had fallen, it was to be feared that "the noble project of completing St. Paul's that has for years excited such lively interest was doomed to inevitable shipwreck." But whatever might be the course pursued, Sir Gilbert Scott urged that the work should be one of "completion and decoration, and in no degree, however small, a work of architectural alteration."

At the late exhibition of the Union Centrale, a French inventor named Caussin, put forward a discovery by means of which plaster casts might be made to imitate exactly the texture of the object, either marble or bronze, reproduced. Everyone knows the crude glaring effect of white plaster; if this can be done away with without deterioration in the truthfulness of the reproduction, it will certainly be a great advantage. We commend it to the attention of the authorities at South Kensington. The process is said to consist in covering the surface of the cast with a coating of some chemical solution, afterwards darkened by the action of sulphur. This solution, it is stated, also serves to give strength and durability to the cast. Probably some metallic salt and sulphuretted hydrogen are employed.

AMONG other art exhibitions that are announced for next year, we see that it is proposed that one shall be held at Edinburgh, a city that has hitherto eschewed such frivolities. With true Scotch economy, it is decided that the New Infirmary shall be used for the purposes of exhibition, so as to save the cost of building.

THE Académie des Beaux-Arts has elected M. Matedjko foreign associate in the place of Kaulbach.

At the general meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society on November 9, 1874, the following articles were exhibited:—

By Mr. Deck: (1) A flint axe of the middle period of the stone age. (2) A bronze spur. Both these articles had been recently discovered at Bottisham Lode.

By the Secretary: (1) A bronze medal, supposed to be unique, showing on the obverse the bust of our Lord, encircled with the Byzantine nimbus and the legend EMMANYHL (*sic*); on the reverse, the adoration and offerings of the three Magi to the Holy Child, who is seated on the Virgin's knee. The guiding star is seen above, and two doves below in the exergue. This piece once formed part of Lord Pembroke's collection, and is assigned, from the general character of the design and execution, to the time of Justinian Rhinotmetus—the close of the seventh century. (2) Two statuettes of terra cotta from a find of more than a hundred similar objects last spring at Tanagra. These figures are respectively 8½ and 6 inches high, and represent an elderly and a young lady fully draped. The tunic (*χιτών*) is visible, as also the gown (*πέπλος ποδήρης*), which is of a light red colour, and the shawl (*χλαμύς*), which is blue. The elder of the two ladies carries a leaf-shaped fan: both the hands of the younger are concealed in her drapery. From inscriptions found in the neighbourhood, as well as from the easy grace of the pose of each figure, their execution is referred to the time of Alexander the Great.

Mr. Luard quoted in illustration of these figures:—

"καλὰ γὰρ οἷ' αἰσχρομένα  
Ταναγρίδεσσι λευκοπέπλοις  
μίγα δ' ἐμὴ γέγαθε πόλις  
λιγοροκοκωίδης ἱστορῆς."

Corinna ap. *Hephæstion*, p. 106.

It was requested and resolved that photographs should be taken of each figure for the Society's Transactions.

An election will take place at the Royal Academy on December 9 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. J. H. Foley. The distribution of Academy medals will take place on the following day.

## THE STAGE.

THE drama, no less than astronomy, has instances of luminous bodies that have been obscured by the exceeding brightness of surrounding stars, and been classed among the smaller lights until a special telescopic apparatus has been brought to bear on them. Miss Amy Sheridan, however, had acquired fame long before last Saturday, when she commenced her term of management at the Opéra Comique Theatre. She was celebrated among lovers of burlesque for possessing the stature of an Olympian goddess, for assuming a look like Jove's to threaten and command, and for appearing in the attire of a Lady Godiva, of a Venus before Paris, of an Eve before the Fall. Yet not being content with this reputation, she seems to have thought that the magic of property would turn her accomplishments to gold, and she has found two authors of repute to agree with her conclusions. The first is Mr. John Oxenford, whose short pieces have been recently played at the opening of several new theatres. The second is Mr. Burnand, who undertook to refashion his burlesque called *Ixion*, which was produced at the New Royalty Theatre in 1863. There are few dramatic entertainments which an overfed or an underbred audience will not tolerate when spiced with lively music, pretty faces and scanty dresses; but they would not tolerate *Ixion*. Yet the subject has been found capable of humorous treatment in other hands. Some will recall an Ixion standing in the celestial Hall of Music among goddesses practising a new song by Euterpe, words by Apollo—a song sure to be popular, for it was all about music and the misery of existence—while the Queen of Heaven was cutting out peacocks in small sheets of note-paper; and Venus, with wild, liquid glance in her eyes and a smile like summer lightning, was inviting the Thessalian king to her pet watering-place of Cnidos, where the invalid Asiatics and valetudinarian Persians were outnumbered by her yellow-haired heroes; while Apollo, with shirt-collar thrown open and long curls theatrically arranged, declared that Greece was his peculiar property on the ground that he wrote his best verses at Delphi, and reflected how satisfactorily he had flayed Marsyas for proclaiming his first volume to be pretty good poetry for a god; while the Thunderer agreed with Marsyas, and called to Mercury for one of his good stories; and how, when Ganymede brought the tea, Ixion went out with Juno into the amethystine twilight of Olympus, and the father of gods and men waited for his soup; and, having tied the Thessalian to a wheel of the sun, ordered an eclipse to take place till the chariot was repaired. But this was not the burlesque of Mr. Burnand. Mr. Burnand's play was unhesitatingly condemned. And, though it is unpleasant to hear a resolute body of young men hissing an irresolute body of young women, yet the latter should remember that their opponents do but express a sound principle in a rude and ungenerous manner, not to be gainsaid by petulance on the stage, nor by partisanship in the stalls, nor by the varied art of the florist.

RIDICULE, which in France, "kills," is in England sometimes an aid to success, and sometimes the proof of it. Not only is the Hamlet of Mr. Irving now nightly burlesqued by Mr. Odell at the Globe Theatre—where an *opera bouffe* has been withdrawn to make way for this performance—but it will, after Monday next, be nightly burlesqued at the Princess's, by Mr. George Belmore. Poole's travesty affords to Mr. Odell his opportunity. Mr. Belmore will be indebted to a piece written for the present occasion.

ON Thursday evening Mr. Henry Neville took his benefit at the Olympic Theatre, appearing in *Two Orphans* and in a favourite light comedy part—that of Ruy Gomez in *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady*.



MISS HELEN FAUCIT comes once again upon the stage. She has consented to appear on December 12 for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, and will then, supported by many important members of the profession, enact Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

It is Miss Ellen Terry who, in the place of Mrs. Kendal, will act Portia in the forthcoming performance of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

THE first performance in England of the *Pré Saint Germain* is fixed for this evening, at the Criterion Theatre.

AMONG recent movements in the world of *opéra bouffe*, we may mention the Saturday morning performance of *Giroflé-Girofla* at the Gaiety by the company from the Philharmonic at Islington, and the evening performances at the Gaiety of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, with a cast partially familiar, partially new. We have seen Mr. Cotte before now as Ange Pitou, and Miss Loseby as Clairette, and Miss Alice Cook as Amaranthe, but Miss K. Monroe is new to us as Lange.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD has determined to present *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with a strong cast at the Gaiety Theatre, a few days before Christmas Day. Mr. Phelps, as has been announced, is to play Falstaff; Mr. Hermann Vezin, Ford; Mr. Righton, Sir Hugh Evans; Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Page; Miss Rose Leclercq, Mrs. Ford; and Miss Furtado, Anne Page. Messrs. Cecil, Belford, Forbes Robertson, Maclean, Taylor and Soutar will also form part of the cast. There will be new music by Arthur Sullivan, and scenery by Grieve, Gordon and Harford.

THE Holborn Amphitheatre will open on December 19 with a pantomime and musical performance under the direction of Mr. John Hollingshead.

THE Crystal Palace continues its second series of performances of standard pieces, of which we may shortly speak more fully. *The Merchant of Venice* was played there on Thursday, Mr. Creswick and Miss Geneviève Ward being the chief performers. In other respects the cast was not a strong one.

MISS CUSHMAN—of whom a correspondent was able to give us some account in the last number of this journal—took leave of the New York stage on Saturday, November 7. She played Lady Macbeth before an audience which hung on her performance with the utmost enthusiasm. Afterwards, Mr. Cullen Bryant gave her a laurel-wreath, and some leading citizens of New York bore torches in front of her as she went home to her hotel.

WE hear that a new high-class periodical devoted to the stage will shortly be issued in Paris, under the direction of M. Jules Bonmassies. It is to be called *Le Théâtre*.

ANYONE who sometimes wastes his time by reading the *Paris Figaro* may remember a series of rather good jokes lately made by one of its writers on the subject of the Paris Vaudeville Theatre: its dulness, which caused *habitués* to resort there for after-dinner naps; its seclusion, which qualified it as the new locality for the Evening Bourse (la Petite Bourse) found too disturbing amid the traffic of the boulevard; its seemingly curious mechanical contrivance by which it managed to revive old pieces in regular sequence (*Les Faux Bonshommes* following *Les Gamaches*, and *Les Pattes de Mouche* following *Les Faux Bonshommes*), and finally an accident occurring in this curious machine, and the consequent production of that nine days' wonder, a new piece. And truly the Paris Vaudeville has been strangely unfortunate, and has deserved the jokes directed against it. A graver opponent than the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" of the *Figaro* has now made his appearance, and that is the redoubtable Monsieur Francisque Sarcey—weary for the

moment of finding fault with feeble Mdlle. Tholer at the Français, and willing, for a change, to see weakness in other quarters. The misfortunes of the Vaudeville M. Sarcey ascribes to want of a capable director "armed with powers." Nay, it is not so much the capacity as the authority of a manager that is lacking there, while provided everywhere else. For, says M. Sarcey, "one fool who can order is better than ten clever men who can deliberate." It is owing then, seemingly, to the absence of the fool who can order, that the company itself is so little representative of the movement of the day in theatrical affairs. At the Français, at the Gymnase, the illustrious aged are supported—nay, often unpleasantly rivalled—by younger artists more familiar than they with the tone of society just at the present moment, and with the aims of the younger writers for the stage. The critic finds, and finds justly enough, that there is an old-fashioned air about this Vaudeville company. They don't act badly, but they are the ladies and gentlemen of a dozen years ago: neither new enough to be piquant, nor old enough to be interesting: they are flat, like last year's fashions, having as yet borrowed no grace from their insufficient antiquity. The acting in Théodore Barrière's last piece, *Le Chemin de Damas*, is said to be such as on the whole to justify this criticism, though Mdlle. Bartet, who appears in the piece, is excellent as *ingénue*: one of the few naïve actresses whose naïveté is not obviously assumed. An episodic character, who is the kind of witty chorus Mdlle. Fargueil used to be, is played, not well, by Mdlle. Jane Easler, who knows how to make a given word vibrate in a dramatic situation, but has not learnt the more delicate art of natural and pointed talk.

*Les Deux Comtesses*, a three-act comedy, will be the next piece produced at the Gymnase. Mmes. Fromentin, Othon, and Legault, and MM. Pujol, Andrieu, and F. Achard, will represent its principal characters.

*Le Mangeur de Fer*, a terrible melodrama of the Ambigu—the work of M. Edouard Plouvier, who has since aimed higher, and failed, at the Odéon—was revived a few nights ago at the Théâtre de Cluny.

M. SARCEY has been lecturing in Paris on the *Don Juan* of Molière.

*Adrienne Lecouvreur*, the famous piece by M. Legouvé, in which Rachel used to act the heroine, has just been revived for the second time at the Théâtre Français with Favart in the title rôle. She played this part for the first time, with some success, three or four years ago, but the chief point of interest about that revival of it was that it gave Jules Janin an opportunity of writing, from his arm-chair at Passy, an exquisite criticism, not of Favart, but of Rachel herself.

MEILHAC and Halévy are indefatigable. They had another new piece ready for representation at the Palais Royal this week. It is called *La Boule*.

PAUL LINDAU's new comedy *Ein Erfolg* has had a sensational success at Berlin at its second performance. The first night resembled very much a *première* of Wagner's operas, as there were two parties, one continually applauding, the other one constantly hissing. Paul Lindau, whose sarcastic criticisms have made him many an enemy, has given in this new piece very good pictures of journalistic life in Germany.

M. HERVÉ has just completed a new three-act comic opera, named *Alice de Nevers*, or *Les Faveurs de la Cour*, which will be brought out about the middle of January in Paris, probably at the Folies Dramatiques, where M. Hervé has had his greatest successes. The libretto, also from the pen of the composer, is, we are informed, full of sarcasm on Court life.

A FRENCH paper publishes an interesting report

of the results of the Association of Dramatic Artists, founded by Baron Taylor in Paris thirty-four years ago. According to this report, the Society is at present worth 3,722,216 fr. Out of the interest of the capital pensions are paid to 204 individuals, 71 receiving 200 fr., 59 receiving 300 fr., 2 receiving 400 fr., and 72 receiving 500 fr. Besides this, eighteen orphans are educated out of the funds, and last year 15,330 fr. were distributed for the support of 322 members.

## MUSIC.

Two novelties were introduced at last Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace, neither of which, however, achieved any brilliant success. The first was Spohr's symphony in E flat, the earliest, and by no means the best of the series of nine (including the "double-symphony") which he composed. Though highly finished from an artistic point of view, it is in its actual musical value far inferior to the D minor symphony, or the "Weihe der Töne." The scoring is rich and masterly, but the first ideas are for the most part deficient in charm; and the symphony as a whole seems to have come from the head rather than from the heart. The other novelty of the afternoon was Liszt's second pianoforte concerto, played on this occasion for the first time in England. Like its predecessor, the concerto in E flat, which has been several times performed in this country, it is rather a fantasia or rhapsody for piano and orchestra than a concerto in the ordinary acceptation of the term; and it is constructed on so novel a plan—which Mr. Dannreuther in his analysis calls a "metamorphosis of themes," the main themes being introduced in all possible shapes—that though one cannot but feel that a certain kind of unity is the result of this procedure, yet the effect of the whole is, at least on a first hearing, certainly obscure. One finds beautiful fragments (as for instance the opening *adagio*, or the episode in E major for the strings), but these are mixed with so much that is *bizarre*, and at times with such straining after effect, that the loud applause which greeted the close of the work must be set down to the account of the player rather than of the music. Mr. Dannreuther gave a most masterly rendering of the enormously difficult solo part; seldom, indeed, if ever, has he been heard to more advantage; and he fully deserved the recall he received.

The overtures at this concert were those to the *Zauberflöte* and *Ruy Blas*; the vocalists were Mdlle. Sinico-Campobello and Mr. Vernon Rigby. This afternoon Handel's *Allegro and Penseroso*, a work very seldom heard in public, will be produced for the first time at these concerts.

LAST Monday's Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, though not marked by the production of any absolute novelty, was well varied in its programme, and of uniform interest. Perhaps the most important item was Schumann's Trio in F, excellently played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Messrs. Straus and Piatti. This beautiful work is so characteristic of its composer that it is surprising it should not be oftener played. The present was only its second performance at these concerts. Miss Zimmermann selected for her solo Mendelssohn's sonata in E, Op. 6, a youthful work of its composer, and one of those in which the influence of Beethoven is most clearly to be felt. The lady's finished and artistic playing is too well known to need any praise here. She also joined Herr Straus in Schubert's "Rondo Brillant" in B minor, for piano and violin, an old favourite at St. James's Hall. The quartet was Haydn's in E flat, Op. 71, No. 3, which opened the concert—a most pleasing specimen of the genial old master. Mr. Santley was the vocalist. Next Monday the programme will be of special attractiveness to those who are interested in modern German music, as besides Rheinberger's piano quartet, one of Raff's sonatas for piano

and violin is announced, Dr. Bülow being the pianist, and making on this occasion his last appearance before Christmas.

THE principal features of the Albert Hall Concerts during the past week have been the production on Tuesday (the English night) of Sullivan's symphony in E minor, of Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Overture-symphonique," and of Mr. H. Leslie's overture to the *Templar*; on Wednesday, Mozart's symphony in D, and Mendelssohn's violin-concerto (Mme. Norman-Néruda), were the leading features of the programme; on Thursday *Israel in Egypt* was performed; and last night, in addition to the Wagner selection, Mr. Oscar Beringer was announced to play Henselt's concerto. As there appears to exist considerable misunderstanding as to these "Wagner Nights" it may be as well to remind our readers that according to the original prospectus of the concerts, Fridays are devoted to the "Modern German School" in general, and are called Wagner nights simply because Wagner is the leading representative of that school. The second part only of each programme is devoted to his music.

THE society which was founded about a year ago under the name of the Musical Artists' Society is about to commence its second season; and the present is therefore a favourable opportunity for giving a short account of its aims. It is established for the purpose of giving its members an opportunity for trying and, when practicable, producing in public their new compositions. Two very interesting trials were held last season, at which several important works were brought to a hearing; and those who desire, whether as composers or listeners, to promote the cause of English music cannot do better than join this society. The honorary secretary is Mr. Arthur O'Leary, and the honorary treasurers Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., from whom any information can doubtless be obtained.

DR. SPITTA, the biographer of Sebastian Bach, is shortly about to give a series of lectures on the life and works of the great composer in the hall of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

SCHUMANN's *Genoveva* was produced at Hanover for the first time on the 14th inst.

M. LECOCQ, the popular composer, has lately, it is said by the *Signale*, found himself in difficulties with the operatic managers at Paris. In a contract with the director of the Théâtre des Variétés, he bound himself to allow none of his pieces to be performed before the *Près Saint Gervais*, and also to allow a month to elapse before the appearance of any other of his pieces. As far as could be foreseen the *Près Saint Gervais* would be produced at the latest on October 10. M. Lecocq therefore promised his *Giroflé-Girofla* to the director of the Renaissance Theatre for November 10. The latter made every preparation for producing the last-named work at the appointed time; but a delay occurring with the former piece, M. Bertrand, the director of the Variétés, came forward with his contract, and claimed from the composer the sum of 25,000 francs, alleging that the non-performance of the *Près Saint Gervais* was owing to the remissness of the composer in the completion of his music.

How much the art of singing is on the decline among Italians is shown by the fact that the most important singers on the Italian opera stage are for the most part not Italians. The Apollo Theatre at Rome counts for the opera season 1874-75 thirteen first and second voices, of which six—and those the best—are foreigners, and these six will draw three-fifths of the amount of fees payable to the whole thirteen, amounting to 284,000 francs. The six mentioned are: Mesdames Stolz (45,000 fr.), and Wisiaak (36,000 fr.), both Austrians; Mme. Sainz (9,000 fr.), German; and MM. Nicolini (35,000 fr.), Lefranc (24,000 fr.), and Castelmarty (14,000 fr.), Frenchmen.

THE German papers announce that Herr Otto Dessoff, the excellent Hofkapellmeister, who is about to exchange his post at the Vienna Opera for Karlsruhe, has been appointed Director of the future South Kensington National Academy of Music.

IN the circle of German amateurs in London the news brought by private letters from Berlin that Franz Abt, the composer of so many a beautiful "Lied" and part-song, is coming to London to give a series of grand concerts, causes considerable excitement. If there is any truth in the report, we shall most heartily welcome Herr Abt in London, but at the same time we shall regret his venturing on an undertaking so perilous as "grand concerts" are in London.

THE revival of Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*, which will take place this week at the Vienna Opera, is to be considered the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of this classical opera, which was performed for the first time in Paris on April 19, 1774. The first performances in Vienna were on December 17 and 20, 1808. Gluck was in 1774 in Paris, and the decree which named him "K.K. Kammer-Compositeur" (imperial and royal chamber composer), with 2,000 gulden a year, was sent to Paris on October 18.

WE learn from Berlin that a new three-act opera, by Wilhelm Taubert, named *Cesario*, to which Herr Emil Taubert has written the libretto after Shakespeare, has been produced with great success at the Berlin Imperial Opera. Frau Mallinger, Frau von Voggenhuher, and Herren Betz and Fricke had the principal parts.

IN our issue of July 25 we mentioned the probability that Wagner's *Lohengrin* would be produced this season at the Royal Italian Opera. We hear now on good authority that Mr. Mapleson intends to put the same piece on the boards of Drury Lane, at the same time, with Mme. Nilsson as Elsa, Mdle. Tietjens as Ortrud, and Signor Campanini as Lohengrin.

WE hear that Mr. Mapleson hopes to be able to open his new Opera House on the Thames Embankment, near the site of Northumberland House, for the season, the year after next.

## POSTSCRIPT.

No. XI. of Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, contains a translation of an interesting account by Lieutenant Wheeler, of the United States Engineers, of the researches of his exploring parties in New Mexico and Arizona during the season of 1873. At a place called Jemez, not far from Santa Fé, the chief town of New Mexico, they came upon the holy temple of Montezuma, a primitive structure with neither doors nor windows, entrance and egress being effected solely through a hole in the roof, to which a ladder affords access. In this temple a fire is kept constantly burning till Montezuma shall return to earth, and erect a mighty kingdom for his people. Their route from this point lay westward, and took them through the Mexican settlement of San Mateo, the range near it forming the watershed between the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico. The country here is lofty, and though it yields but scanty production nowadays, compared with what it did formerly, still, thanks to the rains in July and August, it generally affords healthy pasture for the flocks and herds. Fort Wingate, a military station close to the Arizona frontier, was erected in 1864 in consequence of depredations and disturbances created by the Navajos Indians. A short excursion was made to some old diamond fields a few miles north-east of Defiance. The diamonds there were "discovered" by some swindlers a few years ago, who managed to form a company and took the earliest opportunity of bolting with the cash subscribed, to the no small discomfort, it is said, of some San Francisco bankers. Lieutenant Wheeler states,

with regard to some of the Apaches whom he came across, that he was surprised to find so little trace of the wild man in their faces, their features being of a European type and their complexion lighter than that of other Indian tribes. Their numbers are said to reach about 7,000. The rest of Lieutenant Wheeler's route lay southward through Arizona, and then back through New Mexico to Colorado. It does not call for extended notice, but the amount of information collected must prove of great service to the United States Government in furnishing them with a better knowledge of their territories. The paper is illustrated by an excellent map drawn from Petermann's six-sheet map of the United States, in Stieler's Hand Atlas.

THE working-men of Bedford have formed a Shakspeare Society, for the reading and discussion of the poet's works. It is to be in union with the New Shakspeare Society.

A new painted window has just been placed in the Guildhall, already rich in adornment. The subject illustrated has some historic interest, being the restoration of the City charter, as alluded to by Macaulay in his *History of England*, vol. ii. pp. 462-3, thus: "It was determined that the charter which had been forfeited six years before should be restored, and the Chancellor was sent in state to carry back the venerable parchment to Guildhall." The subject occupies the entire window, with the exception of the upperspandril, which contain the arms of the donor and the Saddlers' Company, of which he is a member. The designing and executing of the above was entrusted to Messrs. Gibbs and Moore, of 89, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

THE Shakspeare Memorial Library, in the Free Library at the Guildhall, Cambridge, is, with the exception of forty-one volumes, the sole gift of Mr. Henry Thomas Hall, who has always shown an unwearied interest in the success of the Free Library. His contribution to the Memorial Library comprises 1,011 volumes, which include 107 English editions of Shakspeare's Works, 151 editions of the Plays, Poems, and Selections, and 373 works that illustrate the Life of Shakspeare or his Works. Donations of books or money towards completing the Shakspeare Library will be gladly received by Mr. H. T. Hall, or by the Librarian, at the Free Library, Guildhall, Cambridge.

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